

# THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE;

AND

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### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Eugene Aram.* By the Author of "Pelham," "Paul Clifford," &c. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1831. Colburn and Bentley.

"UNGENTLE" as our craft is esteemed, and "ungentle" we do not deny that it is—for, Heaven knows, our feelings for the work and our feelings for the author are too often at variance—yet it has its pleasures, and among the very highest of them is the perusal of a work like this. No one can deny to Mr. Bulwer a foremost place among the names which do honour to modern literature. His readers may vary in their preferences—one may like the lively and actual satire of *Pelham*; a second prefer the poetic imagination of the *Disowned*; a third the deeper conception and dramatic effect of *Paul Clifford*: but the very fact of these preferences shews how much there is from which to choose. It is not in every age that we would appeal to popularity as the sure precursor of fame, but we may safely in the present time. The reading public now is large and enlightened; and the daily judgment is far more likely to err on the side of severity than of eager admiration. The great popularity of our author's works is at least a good sign; and though we are free to confess that not even a public condemnation could have changed our opinion of pages which seem to us fraught with genius, yet we are equally willing to admit that it has been a personal gratification (if a critic can have one) to see that the general judgment has so powerfully borne out our own. We ought to be more national with our countrymen's literary triumphs than we are; and when we find a writer admired and appreciated in other lands (France, Germany, and America, for example, where large editions of these works have been reprinted), it were a good and a high feeling to rejoice in the success, and take a pride in that writer being of our language and our time.

*Eugene Aram* is decidedly the most finished of Mr. Bulwer's productions. An admirably wrought-out story, of which we never lose sight, gradually rises in interest, till the feeling becomes equally intense and painful. There are scenes, in the third volume especially, superior in power and effect to any thing he has yet done. *Eugene Aram* is a fine, a most original conception. He is described as "a man whose whole life seemed to have been one sacrifice to knowledge. What is termed pleasure had no attraction for him. From the mature manhood at which he had arrived, he looked back along his youth, and recognised no youthful folly. Love he had hitherto regarded with a cold though not an incurious eye: intemperance had never lured him to a momentary self-abandonment. Even the innocent relaxations with which the austere minds relieve their accustomed toils, had had no power to draw him from his beloved researches. The delight *monstrum digno*—the gratification of triumphant wisdom—the whispers of an elevated vanity—existed not for his self-dependent and soli-

tary heart. He was one of those earnest and high-wrought enthusiasts who now are almost extinct upon earth, and whom romance has not hitherto attempted to portray—men not uncommon in the last century, who were devoted to knowledge, yet disdainful of its fame—who lived for nothing else than to learn. From store to store, from treasure to treasure, they proceeded in exulting labour; and having accumulated all, they bestowed nought—they were the arch-misers of the wealth of letters. Wrapped in obscurity, in some sheltered nook, remote from the great stir of men, they passed a life at once unprofitable and glorious—the least part of what they ransacked would appal the industry of a modern student; yet the most superficial of modern students might effect more for mankind. They lived among oracles, but they gave none forth. And yet, even in this very barrenness, there seems something high: it was a rare and great spectacle—men living aloof from the roar and strife of the passions that raged below, devoting themselves to the knowledge which is our purification and our immortality on earth, and yet deaf and blind to the allurements of the vanity which generally accompanies research—*refusing* the ignorant homage of their kind, making their sublime motive their only need, adoring Wisdom for her sole sake, and set apart in the populous universe, like stars, luminous with their own light, but too remote from the earth on which they looked to shed over its inmates the lustre which they glow'd."

*Eugene Aram* is, if we may use such a term, a miser of the mind—one who accumulates gold not as a means, but as a possession—one who acquires knowledge, of which the mere acquisition is to be its own "exceeding great reward." Nothing can be well more opposed to that display, which is the characteristic of our own age. Perhaps the former spirit of lonely study might have been more delightful to the individual—the present one of diffusion more advantageous to the many; and it is a strange but true thing, that the happiness and interest of one are rarely compatible with the happiness and interest of the multitude: ourself is the last person for whom we can live.

We know few things more touching than the following confession, wrung in a moment of pain from the lips of the solitary student.

"Ah!" said *Aram*, gently shaking his head, "it is a hard life we bookmen lead. Not for us is the bright face of noon-day, or the smile of woman, the gay unbending of the heart, the neighing steed and the shrill trump—the pride, pomp, and circumstance of life. Our enjoyments are few and calm, our labour constant; but that, is it not, sir?—that, is it not? the body avenges its own neglect. We grow old before our time—we wither up—the sap of youth shrinks from our veins—there is no bound in our step. We look about us with dimmed eyes, and our breath grows short and thick, and pains and coughs and shooting aches come upon us at night—it is a bitter life, a bitter life—a joyless life. I would I had

never commenced it. And yet the harsh world scowls upon us—our nerves are broken, and they wonder we are querulous—our blood curdles, and they ask why we are not gay—our brain grows dizzy and indistinct (as with me just now), and, shrugging their shoulders, they whisper their neighbours that we are mad. I wish I had worked at the plough, and known sleep, and loved mirth—and—and not been what I am."

In a narrative whose unity is so dramatic, it is difficult to make a quotation, without its being either unconnected or indistinct; but perhaps the following scene, between *Aram* and the wretched man who threatens him with an accusation, will display a part, without too much revealing the whole.

"It is not easy for either of us to deceive the other. We are men, whose perceptions a life of danger has sharpened upon all points: I speak to you frankly, for disguise is unavailing. Though I can fly from your reach—though I can desert my present home and my intended bride, I would fain think I have free and secure choice to preserve that exact path and scene of life which I have chalked out for myself—I would fain be rid of all apprehension from you. There are two ways only by which this security can be won; the first is through your death—nay, start not, nor put your hand on your pistol; you have not now cause to fear me. Had I chosen that method of escape, I could have effected it long since. When, months ago, you slept under my roof—*ay, slept!*—what should have hindered me from stabbing you during the slumber? Two nights since, when my blood was up, and the fury upon me, what should have prevented me tightening the grasp that you so resent, and laying you breathless at my feet? Nay, now, though you keep your eye fixed on my motions, and your hand upon your weapon, you would be no match for a desperate and resolved man, who might as well perish in conflict with you as by the protracted accomplishment of your threats. Your ball might fail—(even now I see your hand trembles)—mine, if I so will it, is certain death. No, Houseman; it would be as vain for your eye to scan the dark pool into whose breast you cataract casts its waters, as for your intellect to pierce the depths of my mind and motives. Your murder, though in self-defence, would lay a weight upon my soul, which would sink it for ever: I should see in your death new chances of detection spread themselves before me—the terrors of the dead are not to be bought or awed into silence; I should pass from one peril into another; and the law's dread vengeance might fall upon me, through the last, even yet more surely than through the first. Be composed, then, on this point! From my hand, unless you urge it madly upon yourself, you are wholly safe. Let us turn to my second method of attaining security. It lies, not in your momentary cessation from persecutions; not in your absence from this spot alone; you must quit the country—you must never return to it—your home must be cast,

and your very grave dug in a foreign soil. Are you prepared for this? If not, I can say no more; and I again cast myself passive into the arms of fate.' 'You ask,' said Houseman, whose fears were allayed by Aram's address, though, at the same time, his disolute and desperate nature was subdued and tamed in spite of himself, by the very composure of the loftier mind with which it was brought in contact: 'You ask,' said he, 'no trifling favour of a man—to desert his country for ever; but I am no dreamer, to love one spot better than another. I should, perhaps, prefer a foreign clime, as the safer and the freer from old recollections, if I could live in it as a man, who loves the relish of life, should do. Shew me the advantages I am to gain by exile, and farewell to the pale cliffs of England for ever!' 'Your demand is just,' answered Aram; 'listen, then! I am willing to coin all my poor wealth, save alone the barest pittance wherewith to sustain life; nay, more, I am prepared also to melt down the whole of my possible expectations from others, into the form of an annuity to yourself.'

"These words, aided by a tone of voice and an expression of countenance that gave them perhaps their chief effect, took even the hardened nature of Houseman by surprise; he was affected by an emotion which he could not have believed it possible the man, who till then had galled him by the humbling sense of inferiority, could have created. He extended his hand to Aram. 'By ———' he exclaimed, with an oath which we spare the reader, 'you are right! you have made me as helpless in your hands as an infant. I accept your offer—if I were to refuse it, I should be driven to the same courses I now pursue. But look you; I know not what may be the amount of the annuity you can raise. I shall not, however, require more than will satisfy wants, which, if not so scanty as your own, are not at least very extravagant or very refined. As for the rest, if there be any surplus, in God's name keep it for yourself, and rest assured that, so far as I am concerned, you shall be molested no more.' 'No, Houseman,' said Aram, with a half smile, 'you shall have all I first mentioned; that is, all beyond what nature craves, honourably and fully. Man's best resolutions are weak: if you knew I possessed aught to spare, a fancied want, a momentary extravagance, might tempt you to demand it. Let us put ourselves beyond the possible reach of temptation. But do not flatter yourself by the hope that the income will be magnificent. My own annuity is but trifling, and the half of the dowry I expect from my future father-in-law, is all that I can at present obtain. The whole of that dowry is insignificant as a sum. But if this does not suffice for you, I must beg or borrow elsewhere.' 'This, after all, is a pleasanter way of settling business,' said Houseman, 'than by threats and anger. And now I will tell you exactly the sum on which, if I could receive it yearly, I could live without looking beyond the pale of the law for more—on which I could cheerfully renounce England, and commence 'the honest man.' But then, hark you, I must have half settled on my little daughter.' 'What! have you a child?' said Aram eagerly, and well pleased to find an additional security for his own safety. 'Ay, a little girl, my only one, in her eighth year; she lives with her grandmother, for she is motherless; and that girl must not be left quite penniless should I be summoned hence before my time. Some twelve years hence—as poor Jane promises to be pretty—she may be married off my

hands; but her childhood must not be left to the chances of beggary or shame.'"

Such is the compact; for its consequences we refer the reader to the work itself. We close with one or two chance extracts.

"There is a certain charm about great superiority of intellect that winds into deep affections, which a much more constant and even amiability of manners in lesser men, often fails to reach. Genius makes many enemies, but it makes sure friends—friends who forgive much, who endure long, who exact little; they partake of the character of disciples as well as friends. There lingers about the human heart a strong inclination to look upward—to reverse: in this inclination lies the source of religion, of loyalty, and also of the worship and immortality which are rendered so cheerfully to the great of old. And, in truth, it is a divine pleasure to admire! admiration seems in some measure to appropriate to ourselves the qualities it honours in others. We wed,—we root ourselves to the natures we so love to contemplate, and their life grows a part of our own. Thus, when a great man, who has engrossed our thoughts, our conjectures, our homage, dies, a gap seems suddenly left in the world—a wheel in the mechanism of our own being appears abruptly stilled; a portion of ourselves, and not our worst portion—for how many pure, high, generous sentiments it contains!—dies with him."

Autumn.

"Along the sere and melancholy wood the autumnal winds crept, with a lowly but gathering moan. Where the water held its course, a damp and ghostly mist clogged the air; but the skies were calm, and checkered only by a few clouds, that swept in long, white, spectral streaks over the solemn stars. Now and then the bat wheeled swiftly round, almost touching the figure of the student, as he walked musingly onward. And the owl, that before the month waned many days, would be seen no more in that region, came heavily from the trees, like a guilty thought that deserts its shade. It was one of those nights, half dim, half glorious, which mark the early decline of the year. Nature seemed restless and instinct with change; there were those signs in the atmosphere which leave the most experienced in doubt whether the morning may rise in storm or sunshine. And in this particular period the sky influences seem to tincture the animal life with their own mysterious and wayward spirit of change. The birds desert their summer haunts; an unaccountable inquietude pervades the brute creation; even men in this unsettled season have considered themselves more (than at others) stirred by the motion and whisperings of their genius. And every creature that flows upon the tide of the universal life of things, feels upon the ruffled surface the mighty and solemn change which is at work within its depths."

We have allowed ourselves brief space to allude to the minor characters, though the epithet will scarcely apply to the noble and beautiful Madeline; but we should do scant grace to our entertainment, if we did not commend to especial favour a certain corporal, quite "a man of the world." We have closed these volumes with regret—perhaps the highest praise we can give them: we also intend reading them again; for the attraction of the narrative hurries us too much over deep thought and profound knowledge of life, in the first instance. Praise and panegyric are too often confounded; we admit to having most sincerely and warmly bestowed the former: its

truth will be its best guarantee for the favour of our readers, to whom we cordially recommend *Eugene Aram*.

We have only to add, that it is dedicated to Sir Walter Scott, and that a more fitting offering was never laid upon his shrine. To have done it justice, our extracts ought to have been a hundred fold.

#### CHOLERA.

*Is the Cholera Spasmodica of India a Contagious Disease? The Question considered in a Letter to Sir Henry Hallford, Bart., M.D.* By William Macmichael, M.D., &c. London, 1831. Murray.

*How is the Cholera propagated? The Question considered, and some Facts stated.* By an American Physician. London, Miller.

*A Letter to the King's most excellent Majesty, on the Delusion which has been so actively disseminated on the subject of the Cholera Morbus, &c.* By a Physician. London, Smith.

*Cholera: its non-contagious Nature, &c.; in a Letter to the Right Worshipful the Mayor of Newcastle.* By T. M. Greenhow. Newcastle, Charnley.

*Letters on the Cholera Morbus, shewing that it is not a communicable Disease.* London.

*Cholera: its Nature, Cause, Treatment, and Prevention, &c.* By Charles Searle, Esq. 2d edit. London, Highley.

*An actually practised and effectually successful Mode of Treatment of the Cholera.* Translated from a Letter of Dr. Ewertz. London, Schloss.

*Essay on the Origin, Symptoms, and Treatment of Cholera Morbus and of other Epidemic Disorders, &c.* By T. Forster, M.B. London, Keating and Brown.

*Observations on Cholera; comprising a Description of the Epidemic Cholera of India, &c.* By T. J. Pettigrew, F.R.S., &c. London, Highley.

*Cholera Morbus: a short and faithful Account, &c.* By John Austin, Surgeon. London, Hughes.

*Short and Plain Rules for the Prevention and Cure of the Cholera Morbus, &c.* By Gideon Mantell, F.R.S., &c. London, Relfe and Unwin.

*Of Pestilential Cholera: its Nature, Prevention, and Curative Treatment.* By James Copland, M.D., &c. London, Longman and Co.

*An Address to a Christian Congregation on the Approach of the Cholera Morbus.* By the Rev. W. Sewell, M.A. Oxford, Talboys.

WORKS on the subject of cholera have so multiplied on our hands, that we are obliged to notice a number at a time. We have thought that one advantage would result from this arrangement—for, taken altogether, the *résumé* would be more defined and complete—and only one inconvenience, which would be, bringing the class of learned and respectable writers into bad company; but we question if comparison in this case is not even useful. We have arranged our titles according to subject, and given precedence to the question of contagion, as one which gains by discussion; though it may be remarked, that very few write to prove that cholera is contagious, because where it exists, every one thinks so—the uneducated and the ignorant have the fact forced upon their cognizance; and there would be hardly any doubts upon the subject, if certain medical men did not—partly out of mistaken philanthropy, and partly because they think there would be much credit gained in proving the

great body of society in error—come forward and support, oftentimes with the greatest ingenuity, opinions contrary to those held by the generality of persons, and thus put it into the power of others, totally unacquainted with the subject, and incapable of discussing it in any one of its bearings, to make a tool of their opinions—authorising them in the prosecution of measures, alike disgraceful to themselves, prejudicial to the cause of humanity, and deadly destructive to our poor and unprovided, though liege, fellow-countrymen.

There are others, however, who, after having studied the disease itself, and watched the mode of its propagation, have come to the conclusion, that it is not communicable from one person to another. Their opinions are deserving of the highest respect, and should be well weighed and examined before any judgment is pronounced, more especially as they will always have great influence upon the mode in which different practitioners may view the same facts.

The Central Board of Health formed in this country adopted precautions against the arrival of the cholera, modified by the political situation of the country and the genius of the people, but directed to the prevention and cure of a contagious disease. We are indebted to Dr. Macmichael's letter for an explanation of these measures. It is a masterly, well-written letter and a scholar-like production. The termination is curious.—"Should the disease unhappily reach this country, will the perverse ingenuity of the anticontagionists find out some plausible arguments by which they will endeavour to prove that, though the very ship which may import it should be pointed out, yet there was some accidental coincidence between the arrival of the vessel and the breaking out of the pestilence, and that the two events had no necessary connexion; and, as in the case of the *Topaze* frigate at the Mauritius, that the two circumstances were independent of each other?" The Doctor wrote with a degree of prophetic accuracy worthy of Artemis.—How is the *Cholera* propagated? by an American physician, is a very able pamphlet. Though the author gives no opinion on the contagious nature of the disease, he compares it with Transatlantic maladies which are also malignant and spreading, and pertinently asks, if the cause of cholera cannot, obeying a different law of temperature, become infectious when pent up in narrow and filthy streets, or disseminated to the ill-ventilated apartments of the poor, become fatal to the population? We certainly agree with this writer, that, for the attainment of truth, it is necessary that we should lay aside the dogmas of the schools, and dispossess ourselves of all previous notions on either side of the question. The laws of the communicability of cholera may be as peculiar as those of small-pox; but it would surely be better, with the facts staring us in the face, to study the causes and mode of propagation of the enemy to mankind, than to sit down and deny their existence. Among works of this latter class we have *Letters on the Cholera Morbus*, &c.; *A Letter to the King's most excellent Majesty*, &c.; and *Cholera, its non-contagious Nature*, &c. by T. M. Greenhow. The "Letters" are clever and ingenious, though very diffuse; and we cannot undertake to answer all the arguments advanced by the authors, which, moreover, is now rendered unnecessary, as the arrival of the disease in this country enables medical men to rely on facts only. The author of *A Letter to the King's most excellent Majesty* asserts that starvation is the cause of cholera, and that all the symptoms of this malady are

those of perishing of want. "This (the writer says) appears so clearly to my apprehension, that I have no doubt, if your majesty would be graciously pleased to order one of the physicians to be *privately starved to death*, nine-tenths of his brethren would gravely assert that he died of the cholera morbus."

Now, as we can prove the birth and parentage of this writer from the following passage,—"It will flatter the feelings of the *men of pleasure*, who *wastes and squanders* his revenue, to think that it is not starvation,"—we will, in our anxiety for the promotion of the interests of science, if he will favour us with a call, provide him with a room in which he may starve himself; and we will, further, assemble a junto of medical men, who shall decide if the symptoms, in their development, progress, and termination, are similar to those of the cholera. This we would do with the greatest pleasure, on account of the vile and calumnious assertion, that Dr. Daun "was nearly mad because so very few cases of the epidemic have occurred, and justly fears that the humbug will not last long enough to render it sufficiently profitable." This author, in writing to his Majesty, talks of "collapsation"—"this august visitant, whose *bear announcement*"—"hyperbraen autocrat"—and "a poisonous animalculi." He is also fond of pathos: "The heart, weakened by the spasmodic action, no longer performing its office in propelling the blood to the surface, it remains in the distended veins, death supervenes, and presents an inseparable preventive to its farther circulation!! Hence the superficial coldness, and *all that*, during life, and the congestive state of the viscera after death." *Ex pede Herculem*.

There is some correct reasoning in Mr. Greenhow's pamphlet; but he asserts, that at Sunderland there is no proof whatever that the patients become affected with cholera in consequence of coming in contact with others previously suffering from the disease. Mr. G. has now himself an opportunity of ascertaining if he was not mistaken in this opinion, as he is a medical practitioner at Newcastle; and if after careful inquiries he finds his assertion to be correct, we hope, for the benefit of science, that he will lay the facts before the public.—The opinions of the author of *Cholera, its Nature, &c.*, are certainly deserving of the highest respect and attention. Mr. Searle was in charge of the principal cholera hospital at Warsaw; and he states, as the result of his observations, that it is his most entire conviction that the disease is not contagious, or communicable from one person to another, in the ordinary sense of the word; and he supports this by the very curious fact, that out of about thirty persons attached to the hospital at Warsaw, during a period of two months, only one, a drunkard, was attacked with the malady, and he had been locked up for two nights in a damp building.\* Mr. Searle considers the essential agent and immediate cause of the disease to be a mephitic vapour, or miasm, of the nature, if not identical with, malaria in the common acceptation of the word, which, being received into the system by respiration, contaminates the blood with its poisonous agency. The advice given on the subject of treatment differs very little from that now adopted by British medical practitioners. With regard to blood-letting, the author has found it necessary to

qualify the advice he gave on that head in his first edition; and as a deranged state of the stomach is often an exciting cause of the attack, he says that it is advisable to commence the treatment by evacuating the stomach, and, for this purpose, recommends a large table-spoonful of culinary salt dissolved in half a pint of hot water, and drank as warm as it well can be. Too much publicity cannot be given to this simple mode of treatment.

The "mode of treatment" presented to us in the next work on the list, by Dr. Ewertz, a practitioner of Dunaburg, in European Russia, is similar to that recommended by the Central Board of Health, only not using calomel and opium. Frictions are more particularly recommended over the region of the heart with spirits of camphor; blisters in the same situation and on the pit of the stomach; vinegar should be poured on hot bricks to bring on perspiration; and in slight cases, ten grains of the bicarbonate of soda or potash, dissolved in water, may be given in doses of a tea-spoonful every hour. By this plan of treatment, with a population hardly exceeding 5000 souls, out of 745 sick, only 75 died.

Mr. Pettigrew's *Observations on Cholera* were written to supply, what he thought was a desideratum, a brief and succinct account of the disease. This object the author has accomplished with credit to himself.

Mr. Forster's *Essay* is a very curious book. He has brought all his learning on the history of epidemics in general to bear upon the cholera, which he also considers as an epidemic, and that with a felicity of illustration which originates in the great variety of subjects to which he has devoted his attention, and more particularly his meteorological lore. The *Essay* is, in other respects, entirely theoretical, the plan of treatment not always faultless, and the sanitary regulations in many cases very ridiculous.—The chief recommendation of Mr. Austin's work appears to be "Price one shilling," placed at the head of the title-page. Its materials are almost entirely derived from Mr. Kennedy's work on cholera; and it appears to be a very unceremonious way of appropriating to our own use and profit the labour of another man's brains.—Mr. Mantell's *Short and Plain Rules* have been written with a good intention. Those for treatment are far too slight even for an unprofessional reader; and those for prevention, viz. cleanliness and temperance, are applicable to almost every disease that can afflict the human frame.—Dr. Copland's excellent work on cholera, we need not do more than allude to. The whole of that physician's able article in the *Foreign Quarterly Review* has been embodied in the present volume; and altogether it presents one of the best historical digests of the progress, symptoms, and treatment of the malady that has yet been presented to the public.—The last work on cholera that lies before us, is too much of a closet production, and, consequently, of a tendency rather to increase than diminish alarm. We allude to Mr. Sewell's *Address to a Christian Congregation*. If there are those who, when the dreams of this life are preparing to depart, and dangers are gathering round their heads, cling to life with a still more pertinacious and delirious fondness, and seek no protection from their God, nor make any preparation for his presence, we say, with the reverend gentleman, "may God have mercy on their souls!" It is now a pretty well-established fact, that this dreaded and much-talked-of disease is more or less confined to a certain class of people; that its pro-

\* Dr. Copland has very properly pointed out, in relation to Mr. S.'s statement, that, in as far as respects the escape of a large proportion of those who are exposed to the infection, this pestilence resembles all other known infectious diseases, not excepting even the most virulent.



gress, even from street to street, or from town to town, is, comparatively speaking, extremely slow; that, notwithstanding its supposed epidemic character, cases do not originate spontaneously at distant towns, or even in neighbouring towns, till the disease has been imported, when it generally establishes itself in its new locality, and then its ravages are among the dirty and the dissolute, and among them, with proper precautions, malignant but not devastating. There is also a great peculiarity in the cholera—that the intellectual functions, the thinking part of humanity, which brings it in its closest relations with the immaterial world, remain vigorous to nearly the last moment; and, in most cases, when the total prostration of strength, the deadly-cold clamminess of the skin and hands, and the internal feeling of approaching dissolution sometimes experienced in less than an hour after the attack, warn the patient of his danger, his first feeling is to treasure with gratitude and joy those consolations which God has vouchsafed for him in prayer and self-communion, even during the visitation of a deadly pestilence.\*

*Lord Nugent's Memorials of Hampden, &c.*

[Second notice: conclusion.]

IN concluding our notice of this able work, we are obliged to pass by the famous battle of Edgehill, and the battle of Lansdown, in which the gallant, honourable, and chivalrous Sir Bevil Grenvill fell; though on the latter event we copy a very characteristic letter from his faithful friend Trelawney to his widow Lady Grace Grenvill.

"Honorable Lady,—How can I containe myselfe, or longer conceale my sorrow for ye Death of yt excellent Man yr most deare Husband, and my noble Freind. Bee pleased with yr wisdom to consider of the events of warr, wh is seldome or never constant, but as full of mutability as hazard. And, seeing it hath pleased God to take him from yr Lap<sup>e</sup>, yet this may something appease yr greate flux of teares, that hee died an Honorable Death, wh all his enemies will envy, fighting with invincible valour and Loyalty ye Battle of his God, his King, and Country. A greater honour then this noe Man living can enjoy. But God hath cal'd him unto himselfe to crowne him (I doubt not) with immortall Glory for his noble constancy in this blessed Cause. It is too true (most noble Lady) that God hath made you

drinke of a bitter Cupp, yett if you please to submitt unto his Devine Will and pleasure by kissing his rodd patiently, God (noe doubt) hath a staff of Consolation for to comfort you in this greate affliction and tryall. Hee will wipe yr eyes, drie up the flowing springe of yr Teares, and make yr Bedd easye, and by yr patience overcome God's Justice by his retourning Mercie. Maddam, hee is gone his Journey but a little before us; wee must march after when it shall please God, for your Lap<sup>e</sup> knows yt none fall without his Providence, wh is as greate in the thickest showre of Bulletes, as in ye Bedd. I beseeche you (deare Lady) to pardon this my trouble and boldness, and ye God of Heaven blesse you and comfort you and all my noble Cosens in this yr greate visitation, which shal bee the unfayned Prayers of him that is, Most noble Lady, Your Ladishipp's honorer and humble Servant

JOHN TRELAWNE."

"Trelawne, 20th July, 1643."

When the last fruitless conferences at Oxford ended, and the last cherished chance of peace vanished, Lord Nugent draws a striking picture of the country.

"And now the judges' sessions of Oyer and Terminer were suspended by message from the Houses, 'untill it should please God to end these distractions between king and people.' This consequence of civil war, long deprecated, long delayed, had become inevitable. The course of the common law was stopped through the land. It had hitherto been wondrously maintained in a country beset by fighting armies. But the great seal was in the king's hands, and, under the guise of general justice, commissions had for some time been issued only to such judges as were with the king or of his party; and the cases brought before them bore relation all to state matters. Moreover, the king now issued a proclamation for holding the Easter term at Oxford instead of Westminster, and requiring all the judges to attend him there. For some time after the commencement of the war, the power of the law had been preserved, respected, and duly administered, on both sides. The judges had gone their circuits, passing with flags of truce through the districts held by opposite armies, and holding their courts with sheriffs who at other times headed the levies of their respective counties in the field. And it is remarkable and memorable to all posterity, and glorious to the character of our country, that, throughout this great struggle, from first to last, there is no instance on record of private assassination or popular massacre; nor of plunder, except under the orders of war. 'Non internecium inter cives fuisse bellum; de dignitate atque imperio certasse.' Doubtless, on both sides, as must ever be when interests lie deep, and rising passions overflow, and where the war is carried on by small detached parties of ill-disciplined troops, often acting under feelings of local feud,—the work of spoliation was carried on with more eagerness and severity where there was a spirit of personal or family animosity to be gratified. There were confiscations; there was free quarter occasionally allowed, but much oftener restrained; and private pillage there was none. What very strongly marks this, is the loud complaining, by the journalists, on both sides, of the enormities done by the troops, but which, when specified, even with all the exaggeration of party recitals of events then fresh, appear to have been few, and, with one or two great exceptions, trifling. These accounts are full of petty inflated details of such atrocities as those committed upon the furniture

and wine-cellars of Sir Robert Minshull's house at Bourton, or of Lord Say's at Broughton; a minister of the gospel led astride upon a bear; or bed-tickings and curtains cut to pieces and household stuff destroyed at Brentford; now and then recounting, in terms of deep horror or of vast commendation, a practical jest like that of the parliament's soldiers eating up the batch of apple-pies which Mrs. Armitage, the wife of the clergyman of Wendover, had baked for Prince Rupert's troopers. The instances of sanguinary cruelty, which find their place among the stories of these wars, were of acts done in military execution: no secret murder; no bands of free-booters assembling for spoil between the quarters of the armies or among the villages deserted by their fighting men; no savage outbreak of a licentious rabble, disfigured the grave severity of this mighty conflict. An honourable memorial of the comportment of the English people in those unhappy times. The suspension of commissions of Oyer and Terminer did not last beyond a few months. No sooner had the parliament resolved to make a great seal of its own, than the common law courts again sat throughout the realm; and Hutton and Davenport, assisted by Maynard, Glyn, Wyld, and Rolls, for the Parliament, and Chief Justice Heath and Ryves for the king, tried causes under the authority of the two seals of England; the king's being in the hands of the Lord Keeper Littleton, and Whitelocke being appointed by the parliament to hold theirs."

But we must approach the concluding scene; Prince Rupert's enterprises, the battle of Chalgrove, and the death of Hampden.

"Hampden, incessantly, but in vain, endeavoured to promote some great enterprise, which might restore the cause, and give heart to its supporters. But, failing in this, he served to the last under Essex, with a zeal as obedient as if those means had been adopted which his superior mind clearly saw were necessary for the success and credit of their arms."

"Whenever Rupert wanted cattle or any other provisions for his troops, he seized them from some part of these feeble and ill-connected lines. The remonstrances of the troops could no longer be suppressed, and Hampden was again loudly named to the parliament as the fit person to place at their head. To remove from himself all suspicion of a querulous or selfish ambition, and to exhibit to murmuring spirits a great example of patient subordination, he placed himself in constant and personal intercourse with the chief whose plans he disapproved, and many of whose qualities he held in disesteem. Meanwhile, the distant cantonments in the country round Thame and Wycombe, worn by fierce and wasteful sickness, by inglorious suffering, and deep discontent, were nightly harassed by the enemy. Rupert's zeal was unremitting, while Essex slumbered at his post; and while that sullen recklessness of its own fate which soon shews through an army distrustful of its chief, was spread from end to end of the parliament's long line, the king's troopers were ever alert, and generally successful in their enterprises, and therefore always hopeful and always formidable. Not a week, scarcely a night, passed, but they were heard laying waste some defenceless district,—worse than defenceless, because occupied by the wearied and the disheartened, inviting attack, and never prepared to repel it. The country round suited well the activity of the young prince and his cavalry. The gorges of the hills, lined with deep tracts of beech woods, shrouded his stealthy march through the night,

\* We are much obliged to G. A. for his communication on the cholera. It is much too diffuse for insertion in the *Gazette*; but, with the exception of the author's supposition that a large proportion of the poorer population of Sunderland may at the present moment labour under the disease in its incipient stage, we find nothing in which we do not coincide in opinion with himself. With regard to the means of prevention which he farther points out, we have, from the first time the disease made its appearance in this country, advocated their necessity, and shall, whenever an occasion presents itself, continue to do so. We have also received a notice of a German work on cholera, by Dr. Clarus, in which the author advocates a two-fold mode of its propagation, namely, as an epidemic capable of becoming contagious when combined with unfavourable circumstances; so that a malady may be sometimes miasmatic, sometimes contagious, and sometimes incline to the one type more strongly than to another. The treatment of cholera proposed by Dr. Veitch has been in part laid before the public in a previous number of the *Gazette*, where electricity, frictions, camomel, &c. have been recommended; but the Doctor commits a great error in supposing that time can be better employed in the first stage of this malady than in bleeding. The cholera morbus of the West Indies has no other relation to the "pestilential cholera" than in the deceptive and unfortunate name which has been given to the latter malady.

Nosologues, who send us the name of *Cholera Brumalis* for the new arrival, should know better. What does he think his medical brethren would say to his statement, that the blue skin, cold breath, &c., the peculiar characteristics of the cholera, are merely Christmas concomitants of the disease?



upon the flank or rear of his sleeping enemy; and at daybreak would he pour forth his squadrons sparkling like a torrent on the plain, which lay before him open for the manœuvre or the charge. Often would a village, many a mile from the king's country, suddenly wake to a dreadful irruption of horsemen, who came thundering in from the side opposite to that of his distant lines; the track of the night march marked from afar by the blaze of burning houses and the tumults of posts surprised, and the morning retreat by the dust of columns returning to Oxford, and leaving behind them a region of desolation and panic.

"Hampden had obtained, in early life, from the habits of the chase, a thorough knowledge of the passes of this country. It is intersected, in the upper parts, with woods and deep chalky hollows, and, in the vales, with brooks and green lanes; the only clear roads along the foot of the hills, from east to west, and these not very good, being the two ancient Roman highways, called the upper and lower Ickenild way. Over this district he had expected that some great operation would be attempted on the king's part, to force the posts round Thame, and turn the whole eastern flank of the army. To this neighbourhood he had, the evening before, repaired, and had lain that night in Watlington.\* On the first alarm of Rupert's irruption, he sent off a trooper to the lord general at Thame, to advise moving a force of infantry and cavalry to Chiselhampton Bridge, the only point at which Rupert could recross the river. Some of his friends would have dissuaded him from adventuring his person with the cavalry on a service which did not properly belong to him, wishing him rather to leave it to those officers of lesser note, under whose immediate command the pickets were. But wherever danger was, and hope of service to the cause, there Hampden ever felt that his duty lay. He instantly mounted, with a troop of Captain Sheffield's horse, who volunteered to follow him, and, being joined by some of Gunter's dragoons, he endeavoured, by several charges, to harass and impede the retreat, until Lord Essex should have had time to make his dispositions at the river. Toward this point, however, Rupert hastened, through Tettsworth, his rear-guard skirmishing the whole way. On Chalgrove Field, the prince overtook a regiment of his infantry, and here, among the standing corn, which covered a plain of several hundred acres, (then, as now, unenclosed,) he drew up in order of battle. Gunter, now joining three troops of horse and one of dragoons who were advancing from Easington and Thame, over Golder Hill, came down among the enclosures facing the right of the prince's line, along a hedge-row which still forms the boundary on that side of Chalgrove Field. The prince with his life-guards and some dragoons being in their front, the fight began with several fierce charges. And now Colonel Neale and General Percy coming up, with the prince's left wing, on their flank, Gunter was slain, and his party gave way. Yet, every moment, they expected the main body, with Lord Essex, to appear. Meanwhile,

Hampden, with the two troops of Sheffield and Cross, having come round the right of the cavaliers, advanced to rally and support the beaten horse. Every effort was to be made to keep Rupert hotly engaged till the reinforcements should arrive from Thame. Hampden put himself at the head of the attack; but in the first charge he received his death. He was struck in the shoulder with two carbine balls, which, breaking the bone, entered his body, and his arm hung powerless and shattered by his side. Sheffield was severely wounded, and fell into the hands of the enemy. Overwhelmed by numbers, their best officers killed or taken, the great leader of their hopes and of their cause thus dying among them, and the day absolutely lost, the parliamentarians no longer kept their ground. Essex came up too late; and Rupert, though unable to pursue, made good his retreat across the river to Oxford."

The escape of Hampden from the field, his sufferings from his wound, and death, need not be repeated; and we have only to add, that an admirable portrait of him is prefixed to the first volume; and that a very curious print of the House of Commons sitting in 1623, with a delinquent at the bar, and also portraits of Fiennes, Pym, and Sir B. Grenvil, with a facsimile of a letter from Hampden, and other illustrations, serve to adorn these valuable volumes.

The subjoined letter corrects one of our own errors; and we take the liberty of correcting a typographical misprint in a quotation from Livy by the noble author. It occurs at page 377, Vol. II. and is one of those errors which so accurate a writer as Lord Nugent would least like to happen: therefore, *suo periculo*, for *Consule read Consul*.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

Sir,—In the last number of the *Literary Gazette* is the following paragraph:—"The best anecdote we ever heard against the precision of Mr. D'Israeli, is related of his tale of the country squire who killed a fox within three miles of Edgell, on the day of the battle, and was so intent on his sport, that he never heard, or heard of, that great event; but returning home, full of a hard run for many a day described the vicissitudes of that chase. Now, the battle of Edgell was fought on a Sunday!"

On referring to the fifth volume of the *Commentaries on the Reign of Charles I.*, page 49, you will discover that your Conversational Critic has himself made a gross mistake; that the story there told is of a hunting Yorkshire squire, and that the battle is Marston Moor—it was fought on a Tuesday. So much for the fact.

Your Conversational Critic, who, it appears, has something to say "against my precision," but who, I must confess, would discuss more acutely the affairs of William the Fourth than those of Charles the First, has succeeded in truly informing you, that "the battle of Edgell was fought on a Sunday!" and, therefore, exultingly infers that there was no hunting on that day.

But had the circumstance alluded to occurred at Edgell, Sunday would not have necessarily prevented our squire from going out with his hounds.

It is well known that Sunday, even till a recent period in our history, was always held as a day of recreation as well as piety, not to be observed with the superstitions of a Jewish sabbath, nor with a cessation of all labours. The conversion of Sunday into a Jewish sabbath is an innovation of the Puritans, and arises from a confusion of ideas. And your Conversational Critic ought to have known, that "a country squire," in Charles's days, would not have refrained from hunting if he had appealed to the *Book of Sports*.—I am, &c.

I. D'ISRAEL.

Bradenham House, Bucks,  
December 20, 1831.

*The Usurer's Daughter.* By a Contributor to Blackwood's Magazine.

[Second Notice.]

WE resume this very clever novel; and before we proceed to give the extracts we propose, we must rectify a mistake. We are given to understand that Mr. Scarlett is not the author's name. We before alluded to the excellently drawn character of the Usurer: a conversation between him and his daughter will at least give an idea of its originality—they are speak-

ing about identifying a person whom the father considers as concerned in the riots which had the previous night put his house in danger.

"Margaret," continued the father, "you must know that the writer of the letter, which I received on Wednesday night, was among the crowd. You can swear to his person. When the law loses a victim, it loses part of its value, and so far fails of the object for which it was made, and when law fails of its object, it is a non-entity, a dead letter, a thing of no value; it might as well not have been made at all as made in vain; and when there is no law at all, or what is the same thing, when laws are made in vain, there comes a disruption of the bonds of society, all is confusion and disorder, plunder and murder. Margaret, would you wish to see society in sad disorder, so that there be no safety for life or property?" "Certainly not, my father," answered Margaret; "but I am of opinion that there is no danger of such result from my abstaining to give positively a doubtful testimony against accused men." "If all thought as you do, my child, there would be no justice." "And if all thought as you do, my dear father, there would be no mercy." Such a reply to any other father than Mr. Erpingham would have brought a rebuke down upon the child that should have uttered it; but he heeded it not; on the contrary, without any abatement of his usual placid smile, without the slightest wrinkle on his brow, or cloud of anger on his countenance, he continued—"Mercy, my child, what is the use of mercy? Justice holds society together; but mercy relaxes those bonds, and leaves us in a sad disunion. Mercy is a word of wide, weak, and foolish meaning. It is the insinuating craftiness whereby men plunder the honest and industrious. Margaret, my child, I did not gain my wealth by mercy, and I will not lose it by mercy. They who came to me for gold to supply their wanton cravings, and pledged to me their title-deeds, and gave me large premiums, measured not those premiums by any mercy towards me. If I had had no money at command, they would not have put themselves and their reversions into my power. Had I been utterly poor and penniless, I might, for aught that mercy would have done for me, have sat down in the dust of humility, and have bowed my neck to the foot of the proud man, and have eaten the thankless bread of poverty, and have sunk down into an unmarked grave. Justice is intelligible, definite, written, and marked down. We know where to have it. But mercy is of indefinite and rambling meaning." "Oh, my dear father!" replied the daughter, "it grieves me indeed to hear you talk thus—contradicting all the pleasant and sweet lessons of benevolence which I heard from my dear departed mother: it pains me to the heart to hear the people almost curse you." "They are foolish to curse me, Margaret; it does them no good and me no harm." Margaret turned away her face and wept; and while her tears continued to flow, and her sobs to be heard, her father was silent; but when the passion of her sorrow was abated, he renewed the conversation precisely in the same tone and with the same purpose, saying, "My child, I would fain have you go with me to the Mansion-house, where the aldermen are examining prisoners. You must give your testimony according to the best of your ability." The tears which Margaret had shed, while they relieved her grief, abated the firmness of her resistance to her father's will; and she replied, "If it be your pleasure, sir, that I should accompany you, my duty as a daughter

\* "It is traditionally said, that a military chest of money was left at the house of one Robert Parslow, where Hampden lay that night, and that it was never called for after; by which means, Parslow was enabled to bequeath a liberal legacy to the poor of that parish. On every anniversary of his funeral, Nov. 19th, a bell tolls in Watlington, from morning till sunset, and twenty poor men are provided with coats. These particulars I derive from the intelligent Mr. John Badcock, for forty years a resident at Pyrlton and its neighbourhood, but now of St. Helen's, who wrote, in 1816, a very ingenious little History of Watlington."

compels my obedience; but I must say, that no consideration shall make me give testimony in a doubtful matter.' 'The testimony required of you will be according to the conviction of your own mind. Besides, in the present case you will not be upon your oath.' 'My dear father,' replied Margaret, 'I always speak as though I were upon oath.' 'In so doing,' replied her father, 'you do wrong.' The daughter echoed the usurer's words with astonishment; and the callous man coldly proceeded: 'Yes, my child, you do wrong; you diminish, you destroy the peculiar sanctity of an oath by such a proceeding. Only imagine for a moment how inefficacious the law would be, if every one acted upon the principle of being no more bound by an oath than without one.' 'But think again, sir, how much better than many laws, would be the universal prevalence of the love of truth.' 'You are supposing, my child, what can never take place. Besides, it would be inconvenient—very inconvenient. It is enough that a man can be believed on his oath; that is all the law requires—all that can be expected of us in this imperfect state. You will go with me, Margaret.' 'I will go with you, sir, but the conscientiousness that makes me obey you in this instance, will make me disobey you if you request of me any testimony which may destroy a life which the withholding of that testimony may save.' 'Child, you have strange notions.'

His death-scene is too striking to be omitted: we should mention that his daughter has married to his displeasure.

Margaret revisited the sick man's apartment, and, as before, saluted him affectionately, and spoke to him kindly, tenderly, and considerately; so that if he had been at all susceptible of feeling, she must have awakened some emotion in his breast; but the ice had entered his soul—his heart was frozen to the very bottom. His daughter desired the nurse to bring the family Bible. It was a ponderous volume, with dark binding and strong brass clasps, looking more like a miser's chest than a domestic book of daily use. The usurer looked earnestly at the book as it was placed on the table before Margaret; and the affected daughter thought that she saw in that book a symptom of the breaking-up of the frost of his soul; so she moved the table nearer to him and took her seat at his side, and began to open the book; but his feeble hand was stretched out to prevent her, and his imperfect articulation uttered—'No, no—touch it not—it is my book.' 'Yes, sir,' said Margaret, 'it is your book.' 'There is a treasure in that book,' he said. Then was the soul of Margaret lighted up with hope, and there were sweet tears starting from her gladdened eyes, and she repeated her father's words, saying—'There is indeed a treasure in this book; I wish to make you aware of the value of the treasure. There is a treasure of consolation which I would fain open to you. Shall I read to you?' 'No, no,' said he, hastily interrupting her, 'you shall not open it;' and then he laid his feeble, trembling hand upon the book as firmly as he could, so that Margaret could not open it without forcibly removing his hand. She attempted to remove it gently, but it resisted her attempt. Margaret then looked doubtfully in her father's face, fearing that his reason was not right in its action. 'Surely, sir, you will suffer me to read to you.' 'No, I say, no—you shall not touch the book—it is mine.' 'Does the sight of the book disturb you, sir?' 'No, no—I love it.' 'What mean you, then, by not permitting me to open it?' 'You want to rob

me—you come here to plunder me; I will make a will, and if you rob me, my executors shall prosecute you; you think I am dying, and that you will possess yourself of my money—no, I tell you no, I will do as I will.' 'Dear, dear father,' said Margaret, 'your mind is wandering. Oh! why will you think so much of money?' 'What else is worth thinking of? No, you shall not have my money. Go back to Italy, and let me keep what I have got. You trouble me greatly.' 'Oh, sir, how sorely do you trouble and distress me! I am not thinking of money—I was not speaking of money; I was merely wishing to open the Bible and to read to you.' 'Ay, but there is money in that Bible. There are bank notes in it to a large amount. Give it to me.' Margaret pushed the table nearer to her father, and offered to unclasp the book for him. He quickly and angrily said, 'You shall not touch it.' He attempted to open it for himself, but his fingers trembled, and there was no strength in his hands. He would not be assisted, but he persevered a long time in his feeble attempt, which at length was successful. He then took from between the leaves of the Bible several bank notes, which he placed on the table before him; and while one hand was employed in arranging them before his eyes, he kept waving the other hand to keep Margaret from approaching. 'It is all mine,' said he, 'and the law will protect me in the possession of it as long as I live. You must not come near it.' 'And now, sir,' said Margaret, 'that you have taken the notes away, will you permit me to take the Bible and read to you?' 'No, no,' said the usurer, 'it is my book, you shall not read it.' 'I would read it, sir,' said Margaret, 'for your instruction and consolation.' 'I do not need any instruction or consolation,' replied the usurer. 'And pray how came you to know that there was any money in the book?' 'I did not know it,' said Margaret; 'and you have astonished and grieved me by producing it.' 'Yee, yes, you must have known it, or you would not have called for the book. Go back to Italy, go—you shall not have any of my money; I can make a better use of it.'

On the following day, according to her promise, Margaret presented herself at her father's house, and found him still living, but manifestly sinking rapidly. He was in his bed, but restless. His mind, the nurse said, had been sadly wandering; but all the talk on which he had been exerting his feeble remnant of the power of speech, was concerning money. Upon his bed and upon the pillows of his bed there lay his books—the only books in which he felt any interest, or to which he had ever paid the slightest attention. There were also several bags of gold coin, which he gathered close up to himself, ever and anon pressing them with his long attenuated fingers, as if to be sure that he possessed them. Now and then he would try to lift one up in order to look at it more closely, placing it between his eye and the light, and it would fall from his feeble grasp, and then he would utter a slight hysteric shriek, and he would feel about for it with a trembling hand, and be in an agony till he had grasped it again. So melancholy a sight as this, produced on the mind of his afflicted daughter a sensation of almost horror. It was a scene too hard for tears. As Margaret approached the bed, Mr. Erpingham looked earnestly at her and said, 'Who is that?' 'It is I, sir, your daughter Margaret, come to crave your forgiveness and your blessing.' 'I will not forgive you—I will not bless you—you shall have none of my money. All these bags are

mine. Keep away—keep away—don't touch them—you are too near.' 'I wish only, sir,' replied Margaret, 'to hear you say that you forgive me, and that you will give me your blessing.' 'No, no, you do not want to have words—forgiveness and blessing are only words—you do not want them. You want my money. If I forgive you and bless you I must give you money, which I will not do. No—no—no.' Margaret in an agony and tearless grief, knelt down near the bedside and prayed aloud. Her father looked, or rather endeavoured to look sternly and forbiddingly at her, but his sight failed him, and he heard her voice, but saw her not. He was restless and angry for a while, and then he resumed his amusement of grasping and endeavouring to count the bags that were about him on his pillow. He again grew impatient, and called Margaret by name. Then she rose from her kneeling position and went close to the bedside and took her father by the hand and said, 'I am delighted, sir, to hear you call me by name. You will speak kindly to me.' When the usurer felt the pressure of his daughter's hand, and perceived that she was very near to him, he suddenly snatched his hand away from her grasp and said, 'Go—go—you want to rob me.' 'I came, sir,' replied the daughter, 'at your call.' 'And I called you,' said he, 'that you might cease the annoyance of your prayers.' 'Oh, sir, my heart bleeds to hear you speak thus. How long will you resist the impressions of humanity and good feeling? The world is departing from you.' 'Yes, I feel it is,' said the usurer; 'but I will cleave to it till the very last. I will not part with my money. It is all mine—mine—mine own.' 'Surely,' said Margaret, lowly and faintly in a kind of soliloquy, 'his senses fail him. This cannot be the language of intention and reason.' 'But it is,' said he, hastily; 'it is the language of reason, I know what I say. I have never been deceived by words, through the course of my life. I will not be deceived by words now that I am drawing nigh unto death.' Tears came at length to the relief of the afflicted daughter, and she withdrew from the bedside and sat at a little distance, watching the ebb of life. Her prayers were now silent, but not the less fervent for their silence. The minutes passed painfully, and Margaret sat absorbed in thought, in momentary expectation that the pulse of life would stand still. Scarcely did she dare to speak or even breathe. For more than two hours the afflicted daughter sat watching the hard breathings and convulsive emotions of her dying father. There was now no hope of any relenting, or of any expression of kindness, for the faculties were going. Consciousness was passing away, and the world was receding. Margaret looked so earnestly and so intently, that her own faculty of observation was benumbed; and though her eyes were directed to her father, they were as though they looked only on vacancy. From this reverie she was awakened by a slight exclamation from the nurse, who hastily cried out—'He's gone!' Margaret started up and rushed towards the bed. Life was extinct. The hands were clenched, grasping the bags of gold; and his death was as his life had been, in the midst of unenjoyed wealth.

Another well-sketched character is Lord Singleton, cautiously treading

"The quicksand path that leads from fault to crime," and turning to look back at every step. The interest and mystery of the story are well kept up; and the *Usurer's Daughter* will, we think, be a favourite with the public.

*Memoirs of the Duchess d'Abrantes.*

[Third Notice.]

A CONVERSATION with Junot, in the *Jardin des Plantes*, presents itself to us as worthy of extract, as throwing a light on the early family history of the Bonapartes.

"It was a delicious evening, and a thousand rose-trees, in full bloom, scattered perfume through the air. The two friends walked together arm in arm, and in confident conversation: they were then in closer communion with each other than they ever were afterwards in a gilded cabinet of ten feet square. A lovely night has always a powerful influence on minds susceptible of ardent feeling. Bonaparte was afterwards governed by an overpowering passion, which subjugated every other within him, and reigned paramount—I need not name it. But at this period he was very young, and his heart beat warmly, for he loved. He made Junot his confident, and spoke on the subject with much acerbity, for his love was not returned. Junot has often told me, that if Bonaparte had not himself torn asunder the fetters which then bound him, the consequences of his passion might have been terrible. On this occasion his voice trembled while he expressed his feelings, and Junot was deeply affected by his emotion. But it was even then plain that there was within him an extraordinary force, which struggled against his weakness. He broke off the conversation himself, and appeared to have forgot the cause of his agitation. Confidence creates confidence. Junot had also a heart full of things which he wished to disclose to a friend, and the ear of Bonaparte had already heard his story. Junot loved, to infatuation, Paulette Bonaparte. In his youth, and with his warmth of feeling, he could not withstand so charming a creature as Paulette then was. His passion was a delirium; but his secret was not a week old when it was made known to his general. Honour commanded the disclosure, since his reason had not enabled him to resist his passion. Bonaparte received his declaration neither with assent nor dissent. He consoled him, however. But what gave him more satisfaction than all the words of his friend, was a belief amounting almost to certainty, that Paulette would say—*Yes*, with pleasure, as soon as he should be able to offer her an establishment, not a rich one, as Bonaparte used to remark, but sufficient to be a security against the distressing prospect of bringing into the world children destined to be miserable."

"On leaving the *Jardin des Plantes*, they crossed the river in a boat, and passed through the street to the Boulevard. Having arrived in front of the Chinese Baths, they walked about in the opposite alley. While ascending and descending this part of the Boulevard, Bonaparte listened attentively to Junot; but he was no longer the same man as when under the odiferous shades they had just quitted. It seemed that on returning to the bustle of life—the tumult of society, he resumed all the fetters and obligations imposed by the state. His manner was, however, always kind. He only pretended to give advice. 'I cannot write to my mother to make this proposal,' he said; 'for you are to have at last, it seems, 1200 livres of income, and that is very well; but you have not got them yet. Your father wears well, my good fellow, and will make you wait a long time for your livres. The truth is, you have nothing but your lieutenant's pay; as to Paulette, she has not so much. So, then, to sum up—you have nothing, she has nothing. What is the total? Nothing.

You cannot, then, marry at present. You must wait. We shall perhaps see better days, my friend—*Yes!* We shall have them, even should I go to seek them in another quarter of the world.'"

## Proposition of marriage by Bonaparte.

"Such, then, was my brother, when Bonaparte proposed to my mother a match between him and Mademoiselle Pauline Bonaparte, called by her family and all her friends *Pretty Paulette*. This proposal he followed up by the plan of a second alliance between me and Louis or Jerome. 'Jerome is younger than Laurette,' said my mother, laughing. 'Indeed, my dear Napoleon, you are acting the high-priest to-day; you are marrying every body, even children.' Bonaparte laughed too, but with an air of embarrassment. He admitted that when he got up that morning a marriage-breeze had blown upon him; and, to prove it, he added, kissing my mother's hand, that he had made up his mind to ask her to commence the union of the two families, by a marriage between him and herself, as soon as a regard to decency would permit. My mother has frequently related to me this extraordinary scene, so that I am as well acquainted with it as if I had been the principal actress in it. She eyed Bonaparte for some seconds with an astonishment bordering upon stupefaction; and then burst into so hearty a laugh, that we heard her in the next room, where there were three or four of us. Bonaparte was at first much vexed at this manner of receiving a proposal which appeared to him quite natural. My mother, who perceived it, hastened to explain herself, and told him that it was she, on the contrary, who in this affair played, at least in her own eyes, a perfectly ridiculous part. 'My dear Napoleon,' said she, when she had done laughing, 'let us talk seriously. You fancy you are acquainted with my age. The truth is, you know nothing about it. I shall not tell it you, because it is one of my little weaknesses. I shall merely say, that I am old enough to be not only your mother but Joseph's too. Spare me this kind of joke; it distresses me, coming from you.' Bonaparte assured her over and over again that he was serious; that the age of the woman whom he should marry was indifferent to him, if, like herself, she did not appear to be past thirty; that he had maturely considered the proposal which he had just made to her; and he added these very remarkable words: 'I am determined to marry. They want to give me a woman who is charming, good-tempered, agreeable, and who belongs to the Faubourg St. Germain. My Paris friends are in favour of this match. My old friends dissuade me from it. For my own part, I wish to marry; and what I propose to you suits me in many respects. Think about it.'—My mother broke off the conversation, telling him, laughingly, that for her own part she had no occasion to think any further; but, as to what concerned my brother, she would speak to him about it and communicate his answer on the Tuesday following—it was then Saturday. She gave him her hand, and repeated, still laughing, that though she had some pretensions, they did not aspire so high as to conquer the heart of a man of twenty-six, and that she hoped their friendship would not be interrupted by this little affair. 'At any rate, think of it,' said Bonaparte."

"I have described this conversation fully, as Junot related it, because I think the conduct of Bonaparte during the evening in which it occurred was very remarkable. Junot recited all that passed minutely, and could point out the part of the Boulevard on which they were when Bonaparte spoke these words, which posterior events have rendered so worthy of notice."

parte. 'Well, well, I will think of it,' replied my mother, laughing as heartily as before. I was too young to be made acquainted with this conversation at the time when it occurred. It was not till my marriage, that my mother related to me the particulars as here detailed. My brother made a note of this singular affair. Had Bonaparte's overtures been accepted, he would never have become what he afterwards was. When Junot heard of it, he told us that the thing appeared less extraordinary to him than to us. About the 13th Vendémiaire, Bonaparte had got himself appointed to some committee of war; I know not what the appointment was, but it was no great thing. His plans, his schemes, had all one object, one direction, which tended towards the East. The name of Commene might have a powerful interest for an imagination that was eminently creative; the name of Calomeros joined to that of Commene might be of great service to him. 'The great secret of all these matches lay in that idea,' thought Junot; and I think so too."

Soon after this, a very silly quarrel occurs, owing to a delay in granting a commission, in which it appears to us that only the lady is to blame. Madame Junot will insist that Bonaparte retained a secret rancour against her mother; we can only say, that kindness and attention was a singular method of shewing it. Take the following passage as an example, after Bonaparte's return from his Italian victories:

"But one of the most magnificent entertainments, and, above all, one of the most elegant in its magnificence, was that given by M. de Talleyrand, at the office for foreign affairs. He always displayed admirable skill in the arrangements of the entertainments which he gave; indeed, when a man possesses good sense, he shews it in every thing he does. He then resided at the Galfet Hotel, Rue de Bac, and though the rooms were too small for the company assembled there that evening, the *fête* was admirable. All the most elegant and distinguished people then in Paris were there. My mother was absolutely bent on going. She was not quite well; but when she was dressed, and had put on a little rouge, she looked enchanting; and I can affirm that I saw that night very few women who surpassed her in beauty. We were both dressed alike, in a robe of white crape trimmed with two broad silver ribands, and on the head a garland of oak-leaves with silver acorns. My mother had diamonds, and I pearls: that was the only difference between our dresses. In the course of the evening, my mother was walking through the rooms, arm in arm with M. Caulaincourt, senior, on one side, and me on the other, when we found ourselves face to face with General Bonaparte. My mother saluted him, and passed on, when the general advanced a few steps, and spoke to her. My mother was, in my opinion, perhaps rather too dry: her ill humour was not yet quite dispelled, but in her excellent heart there was nothing like rancour. It was the reverse with the general. Be this as it may, he appeared to look at my mother with admiration. Indeed, that evening in particular she was truly captivating. The general spoke in a low tone for some seconds to the Turkish ambassador, whom he held by the arm. The Turk uttered an exclamation, and fixed upon my mother his large eyes, to which, when he chose, he could give a look of stupidity, and then made a sort of obeisance. 'I told him that you are of Greek extraction,' said Bonaparte to my mother, saluting her by way of an adieu. Then, holding out his hand, he pressed her's in a friendly manner,



and left us after a short conversation, which, nevertheless, drew the attention of the company to us, though it lasted but a few minutes."

The following remark shews at what an early period Napoleon felt that confidence in his destiny which so long made its own truth: they had been speaking of Salicetti.

"A smile passed rapidly over the lips of Bonaparte. 'He wished,' said he, 'to ruin me, but my star prevented him. However, I must not boast of my star; for who knows what may be my fate.'"

Change in Bonaparte's personal appearance.

"At that period of his life, Bonaparte was decidedly ugly. He afterwards underwent a total change: I do not speak of the illusive charm which his glory spread around him; but I mean to say that a gradual physical change took place in him in the space of seven years. His emaciated thinness was converted into plumpness; and his complexion, which had been yellow and apparently unhealthy, became clear and comparatively fresh. His features, which were angular and sharp, became round and filled out. As to his smile, it was always agreeable; the mode of dressing his hair, which now has such a droll appearance as we see it in the prints of the passage of the bridge of Arcole, was then comparatively simple; for the *muscadins*, whom he used to rail at so loudly at that time, wore their hair very long. But he used to be careless of his personal appearance, and his hair, which was ill combed and ill powdered, gave him the look of a sloven. His little hands, too, underwent as great a metamorphosis as any other part of his body. When I first saw him, they were thin, long, and dark; but he was subsequently vain of the beauty of his hands, and with good reason. In short, when I recollect Napoleon entering the courtyard of the Hôtel de la Tranquillité in 1795, with a shabby, round hat drawn over his forehead, and his ill-powdered hair hanging over the collar of his grey great-coat—that great coat which afterwards became as celebrated as the white plume of Henry IV.—without gloves, because he used to say they were a useless luxury, with boots ill made and ill blackened, with his thinness and his sallow complexion—in fine, when I recollect him at that time, and think what he was afterwards, I do not see the same man in the two pictures."

The victories, public acts, &c. have been so often narrated, that we prefer scenes from private life; and will devote, if we can find room, a future notice to them.

*Standard Novels, No. X. The Ghost Seer, Vol. II.; and Edgar Huntly.* London, 1831. Colburn and Bentley.

SCHILLER's singular and striking narrative is here concluded; and the character of the Armenian, as further developed, is one of the most extraordinary conceptions imagination ever suggested, or writer ever analysed. It is quite impossible, in our limits, to attempt the unravelling of the many mysteries; we shall, therefore, content ourselves with one or two brief observations from its pages. We need only point attention to the following.

"Self-love, as long as it does not become self-admiration, and consequently a vice, is the first and most distinguished principle which the wise Creator has implanted in us. From it we derive all our actions, even the most sublime ones which approximate us to the Divinity: we admire a friend for the return of his affection; we love our relations; we assist the sufferer,

and often save the lives of our neighbours, even at the greatest hazard, because we expect the same treatment in similar situations; we pardon our enemies, for the sake of those heavenly feelings which tell us that we have acted nobly, and have advanced a step towards perfection! But how often does man act well, and is unknown; and how often has the best design a false operation; how often the good man suffers because he acts consistently with his feelings! Shall he, for that reason, discontinue his efforts? No—he ought not to do it, even if his religion did not promise him a recompense in another world, if it did not tell him, 'Thy Creator knows the goodness of thy heart—the Lord knows it, if men do not acknowledge it.' But I do not think, my friends, that I ought to allow man so much virtue as to suppose that he acts uprightly merely for its own sake; for we are never free from the influence of our passions, which throw obstacles in our way, in spite of all our endeavours to avoid them. Can we blame him who prefers the enchanting path of vice to that of virtue? Look into your own hearts, and answer me that question. But when Religion intervenes, she tells us, with certainty, that there is another life beyond the grave, in which men will be rewarded according to their deserts. What an inducement is this for us to become better, and faithfully to fulfil all our duties! what a great consolation, when we labour under misfortunes, to be able to say to ourselves, 'Our life in this world is but a pilgrimage to the realms of everlasting peace!' With what anxiety does the tired wanderer endeavour to reach the place of his destination, though he knows that the break of day will call him forth to the continuation of his journey! how cheerfully he supports fatigue and trouble, when he recollects that he is pursuing the path which leads him to his home, where he will meet his friends and relations! Can we then do less, my friends, when we know that eternal joy will be our recompense, and that we shall approach nearer to that God who gave us friends and relations, who watches over the smallest circumstance of our fate, and even fastens the chain of our happiness on that which seemed to us to be unpropitious to it?"

Human credulity is justly weighed in the ensuing remark.

"Consider for a moment what an effect the miraculous produces, if it is skillfully managed. It is but natural to expect great things from him whom we once have seen perform a miracle; at least we do not doubt the want of ability, but conclude that he begins and ceases at pleasure."

"From my own experience, alas! I learnt that a villain is not loved by his fellow; and that those ties which bind the hearts of others with such firm affection are to them unknown. What causes them to unite together? What renders them inseparable from one another? What makes one submissive to the other? Nothing more than self-interest. If this should be once satisfied, all bonds would break, and each would, with indifference, see the downfall of his companion, and rejoice if he could derive a profit from it."

*Edgar Huntly* is the second tale in the book, the best and most powerful story ever produced by the American novelist. It is an imitation of Godwin, which, from new scenery, is almost original. Mystery and terror are the two great principles, and these are most successfully awakened.

*The History and Antiquities of the Parish and Church, &c. of St. Michael, Crooked Lane.* Part I. 8vo. pp. 80. London, 1831. Harvey and Darton; Smith and Elder; Arch and Co.

THIS work is intended to trace the history of the church and parish, of which not only is there scarcely any thing in print, but which has been supposed to furnish nothing,\* though connected with the ancient Saxon market of Eastcheap; and from the numerous Roman antiquities lately excavated, there is every reason to suppose the spot densely populated in the Roman times, and consequently of higher origin than any other in the metropolis. Its remarkable appropriation in after-times to the business of the stock-fishmongers connected it with the names of Sir William Walworth, and a host of eminent citizens of that trade. Its church at this time was collegiate, magnificent, and full of splendid monuments. The well-known Boar's Head Tavern, more than, perhaps, any other circumstance, contributed to give it a general interest, and must as long as the name of Shakespeare lasts. Nor is it less in point of interest, that the centre of the parish now forms part of one of the greatest improvements known to modern times, the grand approach to the New London Bridge; the excavations for the construction of which have been a fertile source of discovery, and contributed more than any of late years to illustrate the ancient metropolis.

Besides the particulars enumerated, many illustrations of old manners, old buildings, and old times, with several graphic embellishments, will give it more than a local interest, and make it worthy of encouragement to its spirited proprietor, Thomas Saunders, Esq., the solicitor to the parish, who has shewn much zeal for preserving every record worthy of notice.

We must, before closing, warn the author, that "lay" for "lie," page 21, is an intolerable vulgarism.

*Watts's Songs, Divine and Moral.* Pp. 96. London, C. Tilt.

A NEW and pretty edition of *Watts's Hymns*, the poetical and religious character of which is too well known to need our report at this time of day.

1. *Law and Commercial Daily Remembrancer*, (two Editions); and 2. *Housekeeper's Account Book*, for 1832. London, Dunn and Son.

WE last year noticed the utility of these well-arranged publications for making and preserving the daily memoranda of the year; and we have now only to renew our praise of those of a similar kind for the coming 1832. In the first, the mass of legal and commercial reference is ample; and in the last, great facilities for accuracy in housekeeping accounts are afforded.

*Considérations Statistiques, Historiques, Militaires, et Politiques, sur la Régence d'Alger.* Par le Baron Juchereau de Saint-Denis. Paris, 1831. Delaunay.

IN the midst of the important events which occupy so much of the public mind, our attention is nevertheless called to a publication of much interest, from its probable future consequences, relating as it does to the conquest and proposed colonisation, by France, of an extensive region, situated in one of the most tem-

\* It is editing by Mr. Herbert, the city librarian, who has manifested great industry and research in consulting the most original authorities. This gentleman is already known to the public in several topographical works illustrative of the metropolis.

perate and healthful climates of the world, anciently the richest and most populous portion of the Roman empire—we allude to the regency of Algiers, with which we are made better acquainted by the perusal of this volume, lately published in Paris. The author, the Baron Juchereau de St. Denys, is well known in France, and by foreigners employed in the diplomatic service, as the author of the work on the Revolutions of Constantinople; and as having been the French Diplomatic Agent in the Greek Islands. He commences by a succinct, but explicit, statement of the physical and political geography of that part of the northern coast of Africa now occupied by the French. This is followed by some historical remarks, including an able and animated account of the military operations of the French army during the late expedition. To which are added, what perhaps by many will be thought the most important part of the book, observations on the political interests of the European States, with respect to the Regency of Algiers.

A map of the Regency, framed expressly for the work, is attached.

*The Robbers.* By the Author of "Chartley." 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1832. Bull.

A VERY great improvement on its predecessor. The present is an historical novel, laid in the stirring times of the Spanish war in the Netherlands. The first two volumes are very spirited; but there is a deficiency of incident in the third; while the marriage of Isabel pretty well terminates the interest. The cautious M. Andet is a very happily sketched character; and there are some well-managed hair-breadth escapes.

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

### THE POOR.

THIS is not, perhaps, a time when the quiet philosophical voice of improvement will be listened to with the best chance of being heard; but we do trust that, even amid the turmoil of Reform (which reform cannot, in many desirable respects, do what other less-contested means may accomplish), the propositions of Mr. Sadler, in the House of Commons on Tuesday, for ameliorating the condition of the poor, will not be hung upon a rusty nail and thought of no more. With all our advantages, we are a strange people; and the schoolmaster has not been long enough abroad to teach us wisdom. There must be a grand excitement to produce any considerable effect amongst us, whether it be right or wrong, for good or for evil; while the most self-evident plans of relief and benefit are talked about and thrown by like waste paper. Ten times the reform proposed in parliament, cannot in five hundred years produce so much actual comfort and happiness to the people, as several other single and simple remedies would immediately produce. A reform in the civil law and its administration would take a heavier tax off the community than all the burdens of government; besides preventing an incredible amount of oppression, demoralisation, and misery. The criminal law is equally defective, but its operation far more confined. A just commutation of tithes, and two or three slight measures of internal regulation, would remove from the church much of the odium now heaped upon it, and much of the danger with which it is threatened. But these and other improvements have not, like Catholic, Slavery, and Reform questions, the fortune to be made party contests for power and

place, and the multitude stimulated for and against them: they, therefore, form dull episodes in parliaments and pamphlets, obtain a momentary notice, and fall asleep on the public ear and understanding.

Among the prominent of such cases are the attempts to provide for the wants of the poor, and to raise the lower classes, whether agricultural labourers or industrious mechanics, to a state in which they may be enabled to provide for their own sufficient maintenance. It is to be regretted, that for this purpose several excellent plans have been proposed; and the consequence has been controversy as to which was the best, every man sticking by his own project, instead of a calm investigation, which would have shewn that each in its kind and sphere must have contributed to the sole end in the view of all. Thus, for instance, emigration has been maintained against spade husbandry, as if the two were incompatible and opposite; whereas the removal of two or three thousand persons from the home counties last year (either abroad or to manufacturing districts, as might be), would have mitigated all the distress they suffered; and some five hundred unprofitable acres appropriated to allotments and cultivation would have provided abundantly for the remaining population.

We have often, and again we most earnestly recommend the latter mode of providing for the poor to our benevolent readers who possess the power of trying the experiment. Wherever it has been tried, the effect has been incalculable; and, as Lord Althorpe observed, it is far more likely to prosper in the hands of individuals than as an act of government. From having, through the medium of the *Literary Gazette*, endeavoured to rouse the public to a sense of the importance of this subject, we have received a multitude of communications upon it, which might tempt us far beyond the space we can properly allot to any discussion not strictly connected with literature; but we can only treat it as a branch of political and economic and philanthropic science, and in this light we must not trespass too much. Yet we will venture a few data and remarks.

According to the evidence of Mr. William Cowling before the emigration committee in 1827, it appears that the whole contents of land in Britain and Ireland and the British isles, are 77,394,433 acres, of which quantity only 46,522,970 can be said to be cultivated; 15,000,000 are waste, and 15,871,463, are said to be unprofitable. Thus nearly half of the land which Providence has given us for our support and maintenance is neglected: and though no agriculturist, without a large capital, can cultivate any great quantity of such land, yet thousands of industrious labourers could derive maintenance and comfort from having each a small portion of it. By their own work they would be enabled to live comfortably. As a result, we have been told that several of the metropolitan parishes are anxious to remove their poor from the unhealthy and immoral atmosphere of a workhouse in the metropolis, to some situations in the country where they may be employed in agriculture.\*

\* To promote this design, the *Labourers' Friends' Society*, in which there are several members of both houses of parliament, has been formed for the purpose of promoting the enclosure of the waste lands, and especially of those in the vicinity of the metropolis, of which there are above 20,000 acres, including Epping Forest and Bagshot Heath. They are of opinion that the cultivation of this waste land, and affording employment and provision to the labouring poor, is far preferable to the system of emigration, which, whilst it deprives us of our best agriculturists and artisans, men who, if encouraged at home, would increase our strength and prosperity, leaves us the idle, profligate, and factious,—a disgrace to their

by which, food, the great object of human labour, may be obtained; while by industry of any other kind it can only be obtained indirectly and by means of exchange. This is further shewn by Sir John Sinclair, who contends, that the poor in the metropolis and other large towns cannot be advantageously employed in trades and other manual occupations, without injury to others whose subsistence depends upon this species of labour; whereas, by providing the food of man, no individual can be injured, but the whole community benefited.

"The Chinese," says a writer, (in, we think, a Cambridge paper) "with a population three times as dense as our own, forbid all emigration, yet find ample employment and provision for all. We are told that the poor's rates will eventually absorb all the land in the country. I refer them to such parishes as have freely tried the cottage system and spade husbandry, and there you will find that labourers are not burdensome, and the poor's rates low and still decreasing. We are told all this looks very well in theory, but cannot be reduced to practice; but I meet the broad assertion by referring to an authenticated case—the labourer's name and address I leave with the editor. His account current for the present year stands thus: half an acre of land, at 50s. per acre, including all rates, &c.

Dr. to Seed, &c. &c.	s. d.	Cr. by Crop.	£ s. d.
Seed Wheat	0 5 0	6 Bushels of Barley	at 5s. per bushel 1 10 0
Ditto Barley	0 3 6	43 ditto of Wheat,	
Ditto Potatoes	0 13 6	at 8s. ditto	1 18 0
Labour (his own)	1 0 0	100 ditto of Potatoes, at 1s. ditto	5 0 0
Rent	1 5 0		
	£3 6 0		
		Deduct expenses	3 6 0
		Clear gain to the Labourer	£3 0 0

Besides the above profit, his quarter of an acre of white corn stubble is now at liberty for a crop of winter vegetables, to come off in time for the next potato planting."

Lord Suffield, in his charge to the quarter sessions for the county of Norfolk, March 10, 1831, says,—"The only parish in my neighbourhood in which the poor's rate has not increased enormously within the last thirty-six years, is one in which almost all the poor inhabitants have had small portions of land attached to their cottages; the rate here has in thirty-six years increased four-pence per acre, while in some of the parishes adjoining the rate has been doubled, and even tripled. I shall extend this system as speedily and as widely as possible on my own property. Last week I was much occupied in making such allotments; the quantity of land generally required is half an acre; labourers to dig the land for themselves, the parish to dig the land and seed it once, the parish to find a pig, which will cost from eight shillings to ten, to be repaid when the crop is sold; the rent at first to be the same as the last occupier, (the farmer). The condition I exact is, that the pauper shall give up all claim on the parish for relief after the crop is sold. These terms have been joyfully accepted by every one to whom

country, and a burden to the poor's rates. Surely, it would be much more politic to find work for the whole of our population, and endeavour to reclaim the idle and the profligate by affording them employment. The question is, have we the means? It has been justly remarked, that an increase of population may be deemed a dreadful evil or a solid good, according to the circumstances of the country in which it occurs. If a commensurate increase of food and raiment can be produced by agriculture and manufactures, an accession of consumers in the home market cannot but be beneficial to all parties; and the increase of population, in such a case, may be deemed equally desirable in itself, and conducive to national strength and national prosperity.

they have been proposed; the banks are raised with a zeal and alacrity which it is delightful to behold; and whence does this arise? Simply from the circumstance that the men for the first time work on their own account."

#### SOCIETY OF ARTS.

THE reports read to the Society on Wednesday, were, on a clamp for boot and harness makers; a method of lighting gas-lamps; an apparatus for dry-grinders; a trap for vermin; a life-buoy; a life-boat; and a method of gauging the contents of standing casks. The whole of which, with the exception of the last mentioned, possessing no particular advantages, were not considered worthy the further attention of the Society.

The Society, as is usual at this time of the year, adjourned for the Christmas holidays.

The members will re-assemble on the 10th of next month, when a course of illustrations on subjects connected with the arts, &c. will commence. Eight evenings, during the session, will be so appropriated; and the subjects already arranged are, on the various styles of engraving, and their application to the representation of historical subjects, landscape, &c.; on coals; on fuel—its direct application to domestic, culinary, and manufacturing purposes; on fuel—its application through the medium of heated air, steam, and hot water; on Gothic architecture, and the origin of the Gothic arch; on the turning-lathe; and on the manufacture of horn and tortoise-shell.

#### LINNEAN SOCIETY.

A. B. LAMBERT, Esq. in the chair.—Another portion of Mr. Ogilby's paper on the history and distribution of marsupial animals was read. Several fellows were elected. Mr. Cox exhibited a drawing of a branch of a peach-tree bearing a peach and nectarine, produced, naturally, in the garden of Mr. Wheeler, Gloucester Place, last year; thus shewing that the peach and nectarine are mere varieties of each other.

#### GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

DEC. 14.—R. I. Murchison, Esq. president, in the chair. Fellows were elected. A letter was first read from W. Blaud, Esq. of Hartslip, near Sittingbourne, addressed to Dr. Buckland. This communication contained the result of the author's observations, for twelve years, on the variations in the depth of the water in the wells of the part of Kent in which he resides, and on the quantities of rain which fell during the same period. A paper on the stratiform basalt associated with the carboniferous formation of the north of England, by Mr. W. Hutton, was afterwards begun. Presents were announced from the Royal Society, the Royal Institution, Dr. Siliman of New York, H. T. De Beche, Esq. and others.

#### ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

[Analysis of Col. Leake's paper read at the meeting, and referred to in our No. 774.]

THE only passage in history, Colonel Leake remarked, anterior to the time of the Roman empire, from which it may be concluded that the Quorra was then known, is a description given by Herodotus of a journey of discovery undertaken in his time by some of the Nasamones, a tribe which dwelt near the Syrtis. An association having been formed of the chief men of this tribe to prosecute discoveries in the Libyan Desert, five young men were chosen for the adventure; and after having passed the inhabited region (*oasis*), and the

country of wild beasts (*agades*), which lay beyond it, they traversed during many days the great sandy desert in a westerly direction (*agades*), until they arrived in a country inhabited by men of low stature, who conducted them through extensive marshes (probably a local inundation) to a river that produced crocodiles, and flowed towards the rising sun. And that this really was the Quorra seems certain, when it is considered, not only that it agrees with the description thus given, but also that it is the only river in North Africa which does agree in all points. It has been argued, indeed, that this narrative is a fable, and that the account of the river was merely picked up by these young Nasamones, or by some others, in one of the oases of the desert. But even in this case, a knowledge of its existence is thus demonstrated.

There would be great difficulty, indeed, in any way to believe that such civilised and commercial people as the Cyrenean Greeks and Carthaginians should have remained to the last period of their independence ignorant of the Sudan, whence many most important articles of their commerce were derived, especially as we now know from Denham and Clapperton that no great natural impediments to communication exists on the route between Fezzan and Bornu. And it is still more improbable that the Egyptians should have been ignorant of the existence of such a river as the Quorra, when it is incontestable, from their monuments, that they carried their arms to a considerable distance in the Sudan; and an extensive commercial intercourse between the two countries seems an inevitable consequence of this circumstance, considering the advanced state of society and of the arts in Egypt at this period.

As to the Romans, besides that they inherited the learning of the Greeks, the frequent necessity of chastising the lawless tribes of the Libyan deserts inevitably led them to make frequent excursions into their territories; and existing monuments abundantly prove the extent to which these were carried. In the year 19 of the Christian era, for example, Cornelius Balbus triumphed at Rome for his conquest of the Garamantes; and among numerous places of which representative images were borne in the procession, Phenania now Fezzan, Garena now Gherma, and Cydamus now Gerdames, are enumerated. Besides which, two several expeditions are on record of extreme interest in this investigation. Their date is uncertain, but they are cited by Ptolemy, on the authority of Marinus of Tyre, and are curiously illustrated by the discoveries of Horneman, Lyon, Denham, and Clapperton.

Of the first, under the command of Septimius Flaccus, it is only related that a three months' march from the country of the Garamantes into that of the Ethiopians was accomplished by it. The second, of which the particulars are given by Julius Maternus, who accompanied it, was an expedition sent by the king of the Garamantes to reduce his rebellious subjects in Ethiopia, which left *Leptis Major* (now Lebeda, near Tripoli), and after a march of four months arrived at Agisymba. In both instances the direction of the route is stated to have been due south, and in both the distance attained must have been very great. Most probably Agisymba was the present Bornu. From the expressions used, the road appears to have been well known and frequented. And the sovereignty of the Garamantes was familiarly recognised along its whole extent, comprehending, as there is reason to believe, the present Waday, and extending even to latitude

10° N., where a mountain was known by the name of *ἡ Γαμαμαντιανή ῥαγὰς*, or the Garamantic Ravine.

With these opportunities of acquiring a knowledge of the existence of the Quorra, then, it is scarcely possible to imagine that the Romans were ignorant of it; or that, knowing the remaining portions of North Africa so well as they did, their descriptions of the Niger, which are altogether inapplicable to any other river, should not have regarded it. It is true that their knowledge of it was imperfect, even as our own has been till within the last few months; and they were certainly ignorant of its ultimately turning south, and joining the western ocean. On the contrary, they frequently speak of it as a "river of the interior," which may be understood to mean beginning and ending without communication with the sea. And none of them thought it joined the Nile of Egypt, a magnificent idea especially patronised by the poets,—as Claudian, when he represents both the Gihreai and Garamantes drinking of its waters:

"Hunc bibit infrenis Garamas, domitorque ferarum  
Gihreus, qui vasta colit sub rupibus antra,  
Qui ramos ebeni, qui dentes vellit eburnos."

But the better informed were aware that this was not the case; even Claudian himself, in a graver composition—his poem on the first consulship of Stilicho—rejects the idea:

"Gir, notissimus annis  
Æthiopum, simili mentibus gurgite Nilum."

And it seems most probable that they, for the most part, thought it was absorbed in one or more great central lakes, of the existence of which they were certainly aware, having named several, and in particular Lake Libya, which appears to be the Tchad.

The thanks of the Society were cordially voted to Colonel Leake, for his very interesting and instructive communication.

#### LITERARY AND LEARNED.

##### ROYAL SOCIETY.

H. R. H. the president in the chair. The communication read was an account of the volcano which broke out last year on the southern shores of Sicily. It was written by Mr. Davy, the brother of Sir Humphry, and embraced not only the author's remarks and opinions, but also those of Capt. Swinburne, H.M.S. *Rapid*. They observe, that the crater is only a few feet above the level of the sea. Previous to the eruption in June last, several shocks of an earthquake were experienced in the neighbourhood, leaving no doubt that the crater was then in operation. During the eruption Etna was more active than usual; at times a dense white vapour, like snow or wool, was thrown up to a great distance, and exhibited a very extraordinary appearance. This vapour disappeared before the wind, leaving behind a fine powder, having a strong saline taste, and a sulphurous smell. The author's results were all of a negative kind, and his details did not materially differ in character from the usual descriptions of these interesting phenomena. Sir James Graham was elected a fellow. There was exhibited in the library a very ingenious apparatus, called a "fire-sentinel." Its chief use is for detecting increase of heat in hot-houses. An air-filled glass bulb is fixed nearly in the centre of a box; passing under and in contact with the bulb is a column of mercury; when the fluid is acted upon by the heated air contained in the bulb, it rises to a certain point, and becomes the medium of communication with the hammer of a bell.



The meetings are adjourned till the 12th of January.

#### ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

COLONEL TOD, librarian, in the chair. Several donations of books were made to the library: among them was a fine copy of *Le Brun's Travels in the East*, 2 vols. folio, presented by T. H. Baber, Esq.; and pamphlets on the cholera, by Sir Gilbert Blane and Mr. Pettigrew.

Two papers were read: the first was a description of a new and distinct genus of quadrupeds—the “stag-sheep,” or *kaleetoo* of the Tamulians—by Dr. M. Christy, of the Madras establishment. This animal is extremely rare; it inhabits that range of mountains which separates the valley of Dindique from Malabar: its size is three feet nine inches long, one foot seven inches high before, and one foot nine inches high behind; the colour of the head and upper part of the body is of a deep reddish brown; the belly, inside of the legs and thighs, and the feet, white; the hair is short, but strong and wiry. Dr. Christy's account is drawn up from an examination of three specimens, viz. one male and two females.

The second paper was an account of the island of Sevassamoodram; and of two bridges, one of which is completed, and the other now building by the intelligent and wealthy Jaghirdar of the island, Ramaswamy Moodeliar. The first part of the memoir, which is written in English by the native just mentioned, comprises an account of the traditions to which the island owes its peculiar sanctity; and the latter part details the origin and progress of the enterprise undertaken by the writer, viz. that of clearing the island of the jungle with which it was covered, and constructing two stone bridges on pillars, one crossing each branch of the Caveri river. The works were commenced in 1819, and the first bridge was completed in 1821. Neither of the bridges is carried in a straight line across the river, but curved towards the stream, with a view to resist the floods to which the river is subject. The length of that which is finished is 1000 feet; breadth of the road-way, 13 ft.; height, including the foundation, 23 ft. It is supported by 400 pillars. The other bridge, it is expected, will be finished early in 1832. The whole of these works, undertaken by Ramaswamy Moodeliar for the public benefit, have been executed at his own cost, without the assistance of a single rupee from any quarter. The government of Madras have granted him the island and a small tract on the bank of the river, with the right of levying a trifling toll on the transit of goods, which is the only pecuniary remuneration he is likely to receive.

#### ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

*Memoir on Panathenaic Vases, by the Chevalier Brönsted. Read at the Meeting of the 7th instant.*

THE memoir bore particular reference to a collection of vases of that description, now being exhibited in London, of which several were produced at the meeting for inspection, as illustrative of the subject. A very fine one, of the same kind, belonging to Mr. Burgen, was likewise shewn.

The official inscription found on these remarkable monuments formed the chief object of attention. This inscription has never hitherto been satisfactorily explained, because the question has never been considered in its real extent and bearings, which embrace a view of the principal institutions connected with the Panathenaic laws and festivals. The result of

M. Brönsted's researches may be thus shortly summed up.

1. The common official formula inscribed on these vases

(TONAΘENEGENATHON)

merely states, that the monument on which it appears is “(ONE) OF THE PRIZES FROM ATHENS,” which is strictly conformable to the simple language of remote antiquity, and to the nature of the Panathenaic contests, to which every Greek was admitted.

2. The inscription had a particular reference to the sacred oil contained in these vases, which was the principal object of the contest, and the prominent part of the prize. This oil was always, in all Panathenaic games, the produce of the holy trees dedicated to Minerva; and, of course, was not to be obtained any where but at Athens.

3. In consequence of the universal creed of the Greeks with regard to the sacred olive-trees, and of the oil obtained from them being exclusively Panathenaic, the Athenian government, and especially the Areopagus—to whom all legal power in that respect belonged—took the greatest care, by issuing severe laws, by appointing responsible farmers, under annual and monthly control of officers specially appointed, to protect and promote the proper culture of the sacred olive-groves, and to render their produce profitable to the state.

4. The writer, lastly, established the probability, that among the regulations concerning the traffic in the holy oil (for which article there was constant and considerable demand at Athens from every country where Panathenaea were celebrated), was this in particular—that none but the victors in those games should have a right to export the Panathenaic oil to foreign countries. The existence of such a law seems to be in harmony with the public rewards granted by the state to Athenian victors in other public games at Olympia, Delphi, Nemea, &c.

#### FINE ARTS.

##### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*Tric Trac.* Painted by Teniers; engraved by W. Radcliff. Leggatt and Co.

THIS well-known production of Teniers, which is mentioned with due praise by Smith in his Catalogue, has been transferred to copper with great spirit by Mr. Radcliff. It is in the line manner, and free and bold in its execution. If we had the slightest fault to find, it might be that the back-ground appears to us to be a little too open, so as to interfere with the profile of the figure standing up on the right. But the work altogether is worthy of the best of the English school; and deserves a place in every good portfolio.

*The Lamé leading the Blind.* Painted by C. Hancock; engraved by H. Beckwith. Harding. AN excellent animal production of two dogs, which will forcibly recall the memory of Landseer, and not be greatly injured by a comparison even with that admirable artist. Being wire-haired terriers, we suppose must be the apology for a little wiriness in the execution: but there is no dog or print-fancier who will not like the Lamé leading the Blind.

*The Bitter Morning.* Painted by R. W. Buss; on stone by Fairland. Ackermann.

THOSE who are fond of creature comforts, let them look on this! The lithography is beautifully executed; and the whole familiar scene of a fellow most unwilling to leave his warm bed, forms one of those subjects which are so

well calculated to please generally. According to Wilkinson's conundrum in the new piece at the Adelphi, the man, however, is not a man, for he is a-bed.

*The Looking-Glass; or, Caricature Annual.* London, M'Lean.

A VOLUME containing some three hundred caricatures, and in which the most prominent persons of the day, and the most striking events of our eventful era, figure under many a humorous form. The frontispiece represents the caricaturist, as Isaac Walton, fishing; and having caught many political characters, while others are swimming about in the shape of dabs, gudgeons, bream, &c. &c.; and throughout the entire work he has displayed a very prolific fancy, a rich vein of satire, and a clever style of execution. A more amusing book cannot be imagined for the dreary half, or sometimes whole hour, waiting for dinner; nor, indeed, for any period of ennuyant leisure. For here, at least, we can laugh at Reform and Cholera—disregard the evils, and enjoy the follies, which elsewhere scare and fatigue us. From such a number it would be inexpedient to particularise, and we shall therefore only add, that nearly all the subjects are entertaining, and not a few of them very witty and ludicrous.

*Under the Patronage of His Majesty. Gallery of the Society of Painters in Water Colours. Part I. London, 1831. Tilt; Colnaghi and Son; J. and A. Arch.*

THE subjects of this, the first Part of a most laudable design, are Venice, engraved by E. Goodall, after Prout; the Gamekeeper, by E. Smith, after W. Hunt; and Rembrandt in his Study, by C. Lewis, after Stephanoff. There is thus a sufficient variety, both in paintings and in the style of engraving, to render this Part a fair and promising specimen of the work. Prout's Venice is as perfect as ever Canaletti produced, and is exquisitely engraved; while the Rembrandt exhibits all the properties of Rembrandt's own most finished etchings, and is full of spirit and effect. The Gamekeeper is in a free open manner, and affords a perfect idea of Mr. Hunt's colouring. The letter-press, descriptive of each subject, is brief and suitable; and altogether we hail with much satisfaction the auspicious commencement of an undertaking so well calculated to perpetuate the genius of our water-colour school, even long after the originals may have perished.

*Landscape Illustrations of the Waverley Novels. Part XX. London, 1831. Tilt; Moon, Boys, and Graves.*

A ROOM at Abbotsford, drawn by D. Roberts; Peronne, drawn by W. Brockedon; Heriot's Hospital; Niddry Castle; are the interesting ornaments of this fasciculus, which is quite equal to any of the preceding Parts. The name of E. Finden is a guarantee for the beauty of the engravings.

*Lady Marjoribanks.* Engraved by Thomson, from a Miniature by Mrs. James Robertson, for the forthcoming No. of *La Belle Assemblée*. M. Colnaghi.

THE eighty-fifth portrait of a truly belle assemblée, which adorn this fashionable and agreeable Magazine, Lady Marjoribanks is a comely individual in the goodly company. The engraving is excellent.

*Caricatures.*—We noticed, a few weeks since, a very good-humoured and laughable caricature of Prince Talleyrand; and we now see, appa-

rently from the same quarter, two other personages of note about town figuring in Mrs. Humphrey's window. These are Lord Westmorland and Lord Castlereagh, on horseback, as Old and Young Rapid. The horses, especially Lord Westmorland's, are admirably drawn; and the likenesses of the noble lords themselves are ludicrously characteristic.

### SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

#### IMPROVEMENTS IN LONDON:—SOUTH LONDON MARKET.

NOTWITHSTANDING the wealth and intelligence of which we boast so much, and which we certainly possess in the metropolis, it is rather extraordinary to observe how much we are wedded to old habits, and how slow we consequently are to adopt improvements. But progress has been made and is making in many parts. This vast city, by the establishment of the new market at Hungerford Street, will at length possess two fish-markets on the river; and the west end of the town may be supplied without the enormous expense, or inconvenience, which has hitherto attended its purchase of this essential article. The widening of the Strand is another great improvement; and the opening of streets thence to the north and west, will greatly facilitate the intercourse through populous districts. Baths are creeping into use,—though it is yet much to be desired that really good and more moderately priced establishments of this kind should be formed. The removal of Fleet Market is a manifest advantage to the city; and it is to be hoped that Smithfield, with all its Monday drivings of infuriated cattle, and also the disgraceful and disgusting slaughterings in Newgate Market, with many other similar nuisances, will speedily be abated. Our attention has been called to these considerations by a plan, which has been sent to us, for the enlargement of St. George's Market, between the Obelisk and Elephant and Castle, so as to make it adequate to the supply of the south of London with meat, fish, vegetables, and fruit. It is proposed to be called the South London Market, and to contain, at the cost of 80,000*l.*, extensive abattoirs and cattle-pounds. The situation is apparently excellent; and the architectural elevations of the buildings, &c. are agreeable to the eye. Southwark and the adjacent parishes are stated in the prospectus to have more than quadrupled their inhabitants within the last twenty years, so as now to exceed 400,000 souls; whilst there are only two markets on the south side of the Thames, viz. the Borough Market for vegetables, and St. George's for meat and slaughtering of cattle. Should the amount wanted be raised, in shares, and the project be sanctioned by parliament, we have no doubt but that great public benefit would result from its completion.

#### A SONG FOR SENEX.

[We sometimes insert articles on account of their goodness, sometimes on account of their badness. By the by, we do not think it worth while to print the farther grave answer to Senex, which accompanied the annexed.—Ed. L. G.]

The following was written a few years since, on the exhibition of a Mermaid at the west end of the town, and, from some dispute between the proprietors, was brought before the Chancery Court. The author has availed himself of the license granted to poets, and wrote his song as if the mermaid were alive.

I sing of a maiden of ancient renown,  
Not long since much talked of in country and town,  
Who in Neptune's old kingdom has felt many gales,  
And, before she'd seen England, had often seen sailors.

Without a side-saddle she rode a sea-horse,  
But having no legs she could not sit across,  
Which seems rather odd, and somewhat romantic—  
She could not cross a horse, but could cross the Atlantic.

They say she's an heiress—some great Triton's daughter,  
Without one foot of land, but most wealthy in water,  
And though always to matrimony warmly inclined,  
She ne'er met a merman yet quite to her mind.

Thus this maid has no suitor to suit her, 'tis said,  
But was ne'er heard to murmur, although a mermaid;  
She weighs well their merits, and finds that each fails,  
For 'tis very well known she has plenty of scales.

This maid for dram-drinking ne'er yet had a wish,  
Though report always said she could drink like a fish;  
Neither beer, wine, nor spirits with her would agree,  
Though with spirits she oft has lain in the Red Sea.

To the Chancery bar now at last they have brought her,  
Where she looks, as folks say, like a fish out of water;  
And though at the lawyers 'tis known she can't rail,  
She turns her nose up at one, at another her tail.

The counsel they smelt her, and look'd very wise,  
Then they all shook their wigs, and they half shut their eyes;

The Chancellor said, it could not be denied,  
That she looked very much like fish fishified.

*Tom's Coffee House,  
Dec. 19, 1831.*

### DRAMA.

#### DRURY LANE.

MRS. GORE's new comedy, called *Lords and Commons*, was performed for the first time on Tuesday; and although it was not received in a manner likely to turn out profitable either to manager or author, yet many of the scenes were so well written, and there was altogether so fair a display of talent in the piece, that we think if Mrs. Gore will devote herself to the stage, she may yet produce a play worthy of some of the better periods of the English drama. The chief defect of the comedy is a want of novelty; for although we are informed in the prologue that the piece is original, our memory very much deceives us if the same subject has not already been twice before the public; in the first instance, in Hook's clever tale in *Sayings and Doings*, of *The Man with many Friends*, and afterwards the same story adapted and thrown into a five-act comedy by Morton, which was acted for a series of more than twenty nights. The only parts, therefore, of the play which belong exclusively to Mrs. Gore, are three or four of the subordinate characters, and the dialogue which is put into their mouths. The former are tolerably well sketched, though a little too much in caricature; and the latter we have no scruple in saying is extremely well written—nervous and elegant in the serious portions, and terse and very neatly pointed in the comic scenes. The plot being so well known we do not consider it necessary to enter into a detail of it, and we shall therefore confine ourselves to the actors, to whom in general the fair writer must feel herself greatly indebted. Farren, the first in talent as in rank, performs the same character he assumed in Morton's play at Covent Garden, viz. that of the old Nabob, who returns from India rich and bilious, and desirous to hear a good account of his spendthrift nephew. Of his qualifications for such a part, our readers cannot entertain a doubt; and the arbitrary manners and cutting sarcasms of old Sir Caleb lost nothing in his able hands. His dress also was good, though we see no reason why it should have been so slavishly copied from an individual who walks about our streets, and who, notwithstanding the singularity of his appearance, is, we believe, a highly respectable and very inoffensive person. Wallack played the idle nephew, and played it well, particularly the latter part of his performance,—a sort of *Harry Dornton* scene, which was marked with a very proper degree of energy and spirit. His dress was not so good; a green silk waistcoat, a pink under ditto, and black-

velvet smalls with cut-steel buttons, are not, we believe, usually seen in high life, either collectively or individually. The dress of his brother, H. Wallack, was infinitely worse: Hessian boots with false tops (and if we misrepresent his boots we are ready to apologise), with spurs pretty nearly on a line with his ankle-bone, to say nothing of the collar to his coat—are never seen even upon such men as *Lord Martingale*, "damaged odds and ends," though they may be of the peerage; "cracked viscounts," or "lords without a leg to stand upon." Another actor, Mr. Jones, had dressed his face after that of a noble lord well known about town; and Harley, lively as he always is, would not appear to less advantage if a slight alteration were made even in his costume. Of the ladies we can speak with unabated pleasure; we only regret that we saw so little of them: Mrs. Faucit, Mrs. Orger, and Miss Kenneth, have not more than a few lines each. Miss Phillips's part, though the best, is not a very prominent one; but we are glad that she undertook it, because she is evidently improving herself in comedy. Her early scenes were extremely lively. She looked charmingly in both her dresses; and in the last act, where she pleads her father's cause, and refuses a husband whom she dislikes, she received deservedly very great applause. Mrs. Humby played the usual saucy waiting-maid, and spoke a fair epilogue with much ability. We think, however, that the ill-natured hits about robberies from the French stage might have been dispensed with; as, if such things be crimes, we do not see much difference between the enormity of taking the plot of a French drama and that of an English novel. Mr. Brindal, we had almost omitted to state, played a valet of the *exquisite* school, and got on as well as he did last summer at the Haymarket in the listless lord of the *School for Coquettes*.

#### COVENT GARDEN.

BRAHAM and Miss Shirreff continue to draw good houses to the *Beggar's Opera*; but we are afraid that unless the young lady looks a little more to nature and a little less to art, she will find herself losing ground in the public estimation. The airs of *Polly* are not *bravuras*. This hint, we hope, will be sufficient: it would be a pity to see so much talent perverted or undervalued. Braham's *Macheath* is admirable; but there is a little bit of comic acting in this opera which surpasses any thing we have seen for a long time, and that is Mrs. Keeley's *Lucy*—it is quite genuine.

#### THE ADELPHI.

ON Monday night a new farce, under the name of *Damon and Pythias*, was produced at this pleasant little theatre. It is a neat and spirited piece, full of bustle and fun, and with enow of jokes and hits to cause it to be received with hearty laughter, and almost make us wish it a little longer, even though it was followed by the delightful *Victorine*.

#### UNREHEARSED STAGE EFFECTS.

[From a Correspondent, who promises that they will not interfere with our regular criticisms, and whom we thank for his offer to continue them.—Ed.]

*Drury Lane*.—Dec. 5. The tiger in *Hyder Ali*, instead of running in a straight line across the stage, stooped about half-way, and turning at a right angle came scampering towards the pit. The pit-folk began cowering and crouching in all directions, as if that would have saved them; when Mons. Martin rushed on, and,

after a little French gesticulation, pounced on the beast and pommelled it off the stage.\*

Dec. 6. The first night of the *Barber of Seville*, when Seguin, in the last scene, seized the notary, he, in his vehemence, not only upset the actor but knocked his legal wig off. The laughing of the audience so confused the poor fellow, that he in his hurry stuck his wig on with the tail in front hanging over his nose; of course eliciting redoubled roars. To my great astonishment, on Thursday 8th, when it was performed for the second time, this manoeuvre, so palpably an accident on the first night, was, in consideration of the brilliant effect it had produced, purposely, though not so naturally, repeated, and has doubtless been continued on each successive performance!

Adelphi.—Dec. 12. The hissing at *Favourites in Town* began in the first scene, during the phantasmagoria dream of Yates, who on waking introduced this ready morceau of "gag," in describing his dream to Wilkinson. "All was going on well, when all on a sudden there arose a strange hissing noise, which something told me came all from one quarter, (looking up at the suspected parties,) and urged me not to heed, as being too harsh and too early in the evening for a fair sentence. Well, well—we shall see how matters go on." (All this was said in the imitative manner of Tate Wilkinson, which he adopts in this piece.) The readiness of the Adelphi actors at this gagging accomplishment was manifested the same evening, more or less, throughout *Victorine*, (in which they appear to grow more imperfect by frequent repetitions,) but particularly in the last act, when the dinner-tray, with soup, &c., having accidentally fallen and got smashed, a considerable number of the usual practical jokes were necessarily omitted; but the awkward situation of the actors, thus excluded from practising their wonted manoeuvres, was made the best of, by O. Smith growling out, "Sacre! what a disappointment!" Yates picking up a dish and licking it; and Reeve coolly saying, "Well, I'll wait, and take my dessert before dinner to-day—a pinch of snuff." He then, having duly administered the pinch, made an observation on the time, which led at once to the continuance of the scene in the usual course.

Olympic.—Dec. 14. The first night of the *Dumb Belle*, Vestris having spoken the tag, and applied her ear-trumpet with great *éclat*, made a few steps back, in the usual manner, with the other performers, to leave room for the curtain, which at this theatre, instead of falling, appears in two parts from either side of the stage, and joins in the middle, (*vice versa* instead of rising). Unfortunately only half of it appeared. Vestris and J. Vining were obscured, but three others remained unhidden: two of these soon made their exits in confusion, but the third seemed determined to stand till the other half of the curtain should duly appear. At length Vining reappeared, scampering across the still-bare side, and abusing the attendant in fault so very audibly that the audience burst into a laugh; whereon Vestris also reappeared, pursuing him, and exclaimed, (she having just been married to him in the farce,) "Now, my dear Frederick, really—to show temper so soon!" &c. The regular act-drop was then lowered, and the audience tranquillised.

\* I am told the llama ran into the stage-box the other night: also that a monkey lately ran across the stage during a pathetic scene of a tragedy; on which occasion Wallack was hissed for his immoderate laughing at it;—but I note down only what I see myself.

## VARIETIES.

Miss Caroline Lyon.—There is a theatre called Mr. Pym's Theatre, and situated in Wilton Street, Gray's Inn Road, where Miss Caroline Lyon appeared on Tuesday as *Maria Darlington* and *Clari*. We were unable to attend, but we hear a good report of the fair *débütante* from a competent judge, who describes her as a sweet singer, an affecting actress, and a very pretty girl.

S. Middiman.—We observe the death of Mr. Middiman in the newspapers of this week. He was full of years, being above 80, and, we presume, the father of our school of engraving, to which he was for so long a period a distinguished honour. Mr. Middiman's works in landscape hold a foremost place in all valuable collections; and in private life he was as estimable as he was celebrated in the arts.

Cambridge.—At the second meeting of the Cambridge Philosophical Society—Prof. Sedgwick in the chair—the Rev. L. Jenyns read a monograph of the British species of bivalve mollusca belonging to the genera *Cyclas* and *Pisidium*. A paper was also presented by S. Earnshaw, Esq. on the integration of the general linear differential equations of any order, and on the general equation of differences with constant co-efficients. After the meeting, Mr. Whewell gave an account of the different theories of evaporation which have been proposed; namely, the theory of hollow spherules, that of the chemical solution of water in air, and the theory of the independent equilibrium of vapour in air. The reasonings and experiments were noticed by which M. Dalton has illustrated and confirmed the last-mentioned view of the subject. The mode of determining the dew-point at any time was pointed out, and the construction and use of Daniell's hygrometer. Finally, the bearing of these views upon the production of clouds was spoken of, and some circumstances relative to the formation of cumuli described and explained.

University at Durham.—A Durham college has been commenced, and is to open in October next, under the auspices of the Bishop and Chapter. There is a foundation for students; and also provision for the reception of ordinary and occasional students. Four years will complete the education of a member, and there will be prizes and examinations. This institution promises to be highly beneficial, and particularly to the northern parts of England.

In the *Ohio*, a periodical we have often mentioned with praise, we have lately been much pleased with an Interior of Milan Cathedral, from a drawing by J. D. Harding, and a group of female figures, to illustrate a tale. The former is a striking production of art in a work for threepence, and itself worth many threepences.

Correct Statement of the first Discovery of the Murder of the Italian Boy.—It may perhaps interest the public, to learn exactly what steps led to the arrest of the murderers of the supposed Italian boy. Hill, the porter of King's College, upon receiving the body from Bishop and Williams, observed its freshness, and, in the regular course of his duty, went to the demonstrator of anatomy, Mr. Partridge, to inspect the body, and to receive his orders respecting it. Mr. Partridge conceived that the appearances presented by the body indicated a recent death by violence, and sent to Mr. Thomas for some police officers to be at hand, in case, upon deliberation, it should appear right to give the men into custody. Mr. Mayo, the professor of anatomy, then arrived, and viewed the body with Mr. Partridge, and it

was decided that the resurrection-men should be immediately arrested. The grounds of suspicion were the following:—the body was fresh, and seemed not to have been buried; nevertheless, it was possible that it might have been obtained after death from an hospital; but, on the other hand, there was no mark of common violence, as if the boy had been killed by any ordinary accident;—there was not that emaciation which attends death by slow disease;—and there were no marks of the remedies, such as bleeding, blistering, cupping, or leeches, which are commonly resorted to in acute disease. Mr. Mayo having sent orders that the police should come round, went to the men to give them into custody. Mayo was quite drunk upon the floor; Bishop and Williams had been drinking, and looked maudlin and stupid, and under the influence of liquor. When the policemen appeared, the prisoners, with the exception of Mayo, made not a single remark, and expressed no surprise, and offered no resistance. The evidence against the murderers was collected by the indefatigable activity of Mr. Thomas.

The Italian Opera.—If spirit and enterprise deserve success, we think Mr. Monck Mason must, by his exertions, absolutely command it. Till arrangements are completed, we need not go into particulars; but we have made it our business to see what was going on, and we can say, that a theatre wonderfully improved in appearance—an operative force of great extent, and comprehending many new singers of the highest eminence as well as known favourites—an orchestra of extraordinary power—several couples of the first dancers in Europe, instead of a solitary, as heretofore—and novelties in the pieces to be performed, await the sanction of a public at once discriminating and liberal.

Gold in the Electorate of Hesse.—An event of great importance to the electorate of Hesse and the adjacent territories of Waldeck and Darmstadt, is the discovery that the river Eber is rich in gold,—a circumstance which has hitherto been overlooked. Colonel von Eschwege, who was chief director of the mines in Brazil, affirms that, according to his own examination, this river is as rich in gold as the richest in Brazil. It is in contemplation to carry on the washing for gold in this river on a great scale, by means of a large joint-stock company, and under the superintendence of M. von Eschwege. It is expected that this undertaking will not only be profitable to the shareholders, but highly advantageous to the state, by affording employment to a great part of the poor country people in the neighbourhood. It will be quite a novelty, if in Germany, hitherto considered as poor in gold, treasures like those of Brazil and Mexico should all at once be brought to light, as in the Ural chain.

Parisian Water.—By the orders of the prefect of the Seine, public water-conduits are about to be laid down in various parts of Paris; and individuals are invited to avail themselves of the circumstance to obtain private pipes to their respective houses.

## LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[Literary Gazette Weekly Advertisement, No. 11. Dec. 24.]

By M. de Porquet, *Thesaurus Lingue Latine*, or turning English into Latin at Sight; also similar works in Greek, German, Spanish, and Portuguese; *La Vie de Napoléon*, for the use of Schools; and a French and English School Dictionary, from which all Vulgarisms and Improper Expressions are expunged.

A new edition of Brown's Self-Interpreting Bible; with additional Marginal Notes, &c.

The Double Trial, or the Consequences of an Irish Clearing; a Tale of the Present Day, by the Rev. C. Lucas.

A Numismatic Manual, or Guide to the Study of An-



cient and Modern Coins, with Plates from the Originals, by John V. Allen.

Mr. J. G. S. Lucas has designed and engraved a Companion Print to his "Samson carrying off the Gates of Gaza."

A Six Weeks' Tour in Switzerland and France, by the Rev. William Liddiard, author of "the Legend of Einsiedeln," &c.

Advice to a Young Christian, on the importance of aiming at an elevated Standard of Piety, by a Village Pastor.

Part IV. of *Richards on the Trade with India*, to complete the second volume.

The Author of "Natural History of Enthusiasm" has a new work in the press, entitled *Saturday Evening*.  
An Essay on the Rights of Hindoos over Ancestral Property, according to the Law of Bengal, by Rajah Ram-mohun Roy; and also, by the same author, *Remarks on East India Affairs*; with a Dissertation on the Ancient Boundaries of India, its Civil and Religious Divisions, and Suggestions for the future Government of the Country.

A new monthly periodical, to be called the *Lady's Cabinet of Fashion, Music, and Romance*, is announced.  
The Records of a Good Man's Life, by the Rev. Charles B. Taylor, M.A., author of "May You Like It," &c.  
The History of the Jews in all Ages, written upon Scriptural principles, by the Author of "History in all Ages."

Kidd's Guide to the "Lions" of London.  
Summer Thoughts and Rambles; a Collection of Tales, Facts, and Legends, by H. G. Bell, author of "Summer and Winter Hours," &c.  
Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, with many engravings on wood by G. W. Bonner, and Explanatory Notes by W. Mason.

Who can they be? or a Description of a singular Race of Aborigines inhabiting the Summits of the Netherly Hills, or Blue Mountains of Combaator, by Captain H. Harkness.

A fifth edition of the *Endless Amusement*:  
Sir James Mackintosh is announced to write the brief Memoir of the late Rev. Robert Hall, with a Sketch of his Literary Character, in the sixth volume of his works. It is to be accompanied by a Sketch of Mr. Hall's Character as a Theologian and a Preacher, by Mr. Forster, author of the "Essays on Decision of Character."

The *Shakspearian Dictionary*, being a complete Collection of the Expressions of Shakspeare, in Prose and Verse, from a few Words to Fifty or more Lines, by Thomas Dolby, Gent.

#### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Lord Dover's Life of Frederick the Great, 2 vols. 8vo. with Portrait, 18s. 6d.—Loudon's Gardener's Magazine, Vol. VII. 8vo. 21s. 6d.; Natural History, Vol. IV. 8vo. 21s. 6d.—Copland on Cholera, 12mo. 5s. 6d.—Swan's demonstration of the Nerves, Part II. folio, 21s. 6d. sewed.—The *Diseases*, with other Poems, by the Rev. J. Wills, 12mo. 6s. 6d. 2s.—Why and Because, Vols. I. to III. 12mo. 4s. each.—Dobson's Adversaria, Vol. I. Part II. 8vo. 6s. 6d. 2s.—Lord Nugent's Life of Hampden, 2 vols. 8vo. 18s. 6d.—Lodge's Peerage and Baronage of the British Empire, 8vo. 14s. cloth; Genealogy of the British Peerage, 8vo. with Plates of Arms, 16s. cloth.—Storer on Diogenes, 12mo. 3s. 6d. 2s.—Meditations from Burckhardt, 18mo. 2s. 6d.—The New Bankruptcy-Court Act, by Warren, 12mo. 2s. 6d. 2s.—The Art of Skating, by a Skater, with Plates, 12mo. 1s. sewed.—The Theological Library, No. 1. Life of Wilfrid, by the Rev. C. W. Le Bas, 12mo. 6s. 6d.

#### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1831.

December.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday.. 15	From 33. to 48.	29.73 to 29.64
Friday... 16	— 29. — 46.	29.76 — 29.79
Saturday.. 17	— 30. — 45.	29.63 — 29.59
Sunday... 18	— 28. — 46.	29.30 — 29.39
Monday... 19	— 31. — 44.	29.49 — 29.60
Tuesday.. 20	— 29. — 43.	29.58 — 29.63
Wednesday 21	— 32. — 45.	29.56 — 29.76

Wind S.E. and S.W., the latter prevailing.

Except the 17th, 18th, and 19th, generally cloudy, with frequent rain.

Rain fallen, .725 of an inch.

Edinonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.

Latitude..... 51° 37' 33" N.

Longitude... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We may mention to E. K. E., that the characteristic difference between the pestilential cholera and the cholera of George the First's time, is the absence of all bilious evacuations; and consequently remedies useful in bilious cholera are counterindicated in the pestilential type of that disease.

With the number of the *Gazette* which is weekly published, Threadd's hint as to slightly stitching the sheet together, is utterly impracticable. Our good friends must severally perform such offices for themselves: all that we can do is, to have the Journal handsomely printed, and delivered clear; and after this, by passing in from slightly over it, it will bind into years as neatly as any book whatever.

ERRATUM.—In the communication on Cholera, from Newcastle, in our last, for "Dr. Walland," read "Dr. Holland."

#### ADVERTISEMENTS.

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Published by Samuel Buckle, Peterborough; and for him by Mr. Ackermann, Jun. 191, Regent Street.

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On Sunday, January 1st, will be published, price Sevenpence, a new Weekly Paper, entitled

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